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**THE
BEAUTIES
OF
CHURCHILL.**

Containing all the
**CELEBRATED POEMS
OF THE
Rev. Mr. Charles Churchill.**

VOL. II.

**L O N D O N ;
Printed for G. LISTER, No. 46, Old Bailey.
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John Sever
T H E G H O S T.

B O O K IV.

COxcombs, who vainly make pretence
To something of exalted sense
'Bove other men, and, gravely wise,
Affect those pleasures to despise,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd, 5
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp; they would not go
For millions to a puppetshow,
Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing pantomime; 10
No, not at Covent-Garden, where,
Without a head for play or play'r,
Or, could a head be found most fit,
Without one play'r to second it,
They must, obeying Folly's call, 15
Thrive by mere shew, or not at all.

With these grave fops, who (bless their brains!)
Most cruel to themselves, take pains
For wretchedness, and would be thought
Much wiser than a wise man ought, 20
For his own happiness, to be,
Who what they hear, and what they see,
And what they smell, and taste, and feel,
Distrust, till Reason sets her seal,
And, by long trains of consequences 25
Ensur'd, gives sanction to the senses;
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waste
One hour in what the world calls Taste,
Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry,
Unless they know some reason why. 30

With these grave fops, whose system seems
To give up certainty for dreams

The eye of man is understood

As for no other purpose good

Than as a door, thro' which of course,

Their passage crowding, objects force,

A downright usher, to admit

New-comers to the court of Wit:

(Good Gravity! forbear thy spleen,

When I say wit I wisdom mean)

Where (such the practice of the court,

Which legal precedents support)

Not one idea is allow'd

To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,

But ere it can obtain the grace

Of holding in the brain a place,

Before the chief in congregation

Must stand a strict examination.

Not such as those who phytic twirl,

Full fraught with death from ev'ry curl,

Who prove, with all becoming state,

Their voice to be the voice of Fate,

Prepar'd with essence, drop, and pill,

To be another Ward or Hill,

Before they can obtain their ends,

To sign death-warrants for their friends,

And talents vast as theirs employ,

Secundum artem to destroy,

Must pass (or laws their rage restrain)

Before the chiefs of Warwick Lane:

Thrice happy Lane! where, uncontroll'd,

In pow'r and lethargy grown old,

Most fit to take, in this blest'd land,

The reins which fell from Wyndham's hand,

Her lawful throne great Dulness rears,

Still more herself as more in years;

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7

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~~REDACTED~~

100

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A 2

Are held for form, which Balaam's ass
 As well as Balaam's self might pass,
 And with his master take degrees,
 Could he contrive to pay the fees. 105

Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,
 O'erload the storehouse of the head
 With furniture they ne'er can use
 Cannot forgive our rambling Muse 110
 This wild excursion; cannot see

Why Physic and Divinity,
 To the surprise of all beholders,
 Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders;
 Or how, in any point of view, 115
 Oxford hath any thing to do:

But men of nice and subtle learning,
 Remarkable for quick discerning,
 Thro' spectacles of critic mould,
 Without instruction, will behold 120
 That we a method here have got
 To shew what is by what is not;
 And that our drift (parenthesis
 For once apart) is briefly this :

Within the brain's most secret cells 125
 A certain Lord Chief Justice dwells,
 Of sov'reign pow'r, whom, one and all,
 With common voice, we Reason call;
 Tho', for the purposes of satire,
 A name, in truth, is no great matter; 130
 Jeff'ries or Mansfield, which you will,
 It means a Lord Chief Justice still.

Here, so our great projectors say,
 The senses all must homage pay;
 Hither they all must tribute bring, 135
 And prostrate fall before their king.
 Whatever unto them is brought
 Is carry'd on the wings of thought.

Before his throne, where in full state,
 He on their merits holds debate, 140
 Examines, cross-examines, weighs
 Their right to censure or to praise;
 Nor doth his equal voice depend
 On narrow views of foe and friend,
 Nor can or flattery or force 145
 Divert him from his steady course;
 The channel of inquiry's clear,
 No sham examination's here.

He, upright Justicer! no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out, 150
 Adjusts and settles in a trice
 What virtue is, and what is vice;
 What is perfection, what defect;
 What we must chuse, and what reject
 He takes upon him to explain 155
 What pleasure is, and what is pain;
 Whilst we, obedient to the whim,
 And resting all our faith on him,
 True members of the Stoic weal,
 Must learn to think, and cease to feel. 160

This glorious system form'd, for man
 To practice when and how he can,
 If the five senses in alliance
 To reason hurl a proud defiance,
 And, tho' oft' conquer'd, yet unbroke, 165
 Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
 Which they a greater slav'ry hold
 Than Jewish bondage was of old;
 Or if they, something touch'd with shame,
 Allow him to retain the name 170
 Of Royalty, and, as in sport,
 To hold a mimic formal court,
 Permitted, no uncommon thing,
 To be a kind of puppet king.

And suffer'd, by the way of toy,
 To hold a globe but not employ,
 Our system-mongers, struck with fear,
 Prognosticate destruction near;
 All things to anarchy must run;
 The little world of man's undone. 175

Nay, should the eye, that nicest sense,
 Neglect to send intelligence
 Unto the brain, distinct and clear,
 Of all that passes in her sphere;
 Should she presumptuous joy receive
 Without the understanding's leave, 180
 They deem it rank and daring treason
 Against the monarchy of Reason,
 Not thinking, tho' they're wondrous wise,
 That few have reason, most have eyes;
 So that the pleasures of the mind
 To a small circle are confin'd,
 Whilst those which to the senses fall
 Become the property of all. 185

Besides, (and this is sure a case
 Not much at present out of place) 190
 Where Nature reason doth deny,
 No art can that defect supply;
 But if (for it is our intent
 Fairly to state the argument) 195
 A man shall want an eye or two,
 The remedy is sure, tho' new;
 The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
 For proof—behold the Chevalier—
 As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt, 200
 To put eyes in as put them out.

But, argument apart, which tends
 'T' embitter foes and sep'rate friends,
 (Nor, turn'd apostate for the Nine,
 Would I, tho' bred up a divine, 205

And foe of course to Reason's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own sense and feelings taught,
In speech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;

215

What's he to me, or I to him?
Might I, tho' never rob'd in ermine,
A matter of this weight determine,
No penalties should settled be
To force men to hypocrisy,

220

To make them ape an awkward zeal,
And feeling not, pretend to feel.
I would not have, might sentence rest
Finally fix'd within my breast,
Ev'n Annet censur'd and confin'd,
Because we're of a diff'rent mind.

225

Nature, who in her act most free,
Herself delights in liberty,
Profuse in love, and without bound,
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed
In double portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call,
If freedom did not crown them all.

230

By Providence forbid to stray,
Brutes never can mistake their way;
Determin'd still, they plod along
By instinct, neither right nor wrong;
But man, had he the heart to use
His freedom, hath a right to chuse;
Whether he acts or well or ill
Depends entirely on his will.

235

To her last work, her fav'rite man,
Is given on Nature's better plan,
A privilege in pow'r to err;
Nor let this phrase resentment stir

240

245

Amongst the grave ones, since indeed,
The little merit man can plead
In doing well dependeth still
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

250

Opinions should be free as air;
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
His qualities, a claim can sound
That my opinion must be bound,
And square with his; such slavish chains
From foes the lib'ral soul disdains;
Nor can, tho' true to friendship, bend
To wear them even from a friend.

255

Let those who rigid judgment own
Submissive bow at Judgment's thron
And if they of no value hold
Pleasure, till pleasure is grown cold,
Pall'd and insipid, forc'd to wait
For Judgment's regular debate
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull subjects suited to their mind.

260

265

Theirs be slow wisdom; be my plan,
To live as merry as I can,
Regardless as the fashions go,
Whether there's reason for't or no:
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.

270

275

But if, by error led astray,
I chance to wander from my way,
Let no blind guide observe, in spite,
I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.

That doctor could I ne'er endure
Who found disease and not a cure;

280

Nor can I hold that man a friend
Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend

To open happy Folly's eyes,
And, making wretched, make me wise:
For next, a truth which can't admit
Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,
To being happy here below,
Is to believe that we are so.

285

Some few in knowledge find relief;
I place my comfort in belief.
Some for reality may call;
Fancy to me is all in all.

290

Imagination, thro' the trick
Of doctors, often makes us sick;
And why, let any sophist tell,
May it not likewise make us well?

295

This I am sure, whate'er our view,
Whatever shadows we pursue,
For our pursuits, be what they will,
Are little more than shadows still;
Too swift they fly, too swift and strong,

300

For man to catch or hold them long;
But joys which in the fancy live,
Each moment to each man may give:
True to himself, and true to ease,

305

He softens Fate's severe decrees,
And (can a mortal wish for more?)
Creates, and makes himself new o'er,
Mocks boasted vain reality,
And is whate'er he wants to be.

310

Hail, Fancy!—to thy pow'r I owe
Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe;
To thee I owe a mighty debt,
Which Gratitude shall ne'er forget,
Whilst Mem'ry can her force employ,
A large increase of ev'ry joy.

315

When at my doors, too strongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,

A knavish guard, ordain'd by law
 To keep poor Honesty in awe; 310
 Authority severe and stern,
 To intercept my wish'd return;
 When foes grew proud, and friends grew cool,
 And laughter seiz'd each sober foot;
 When Candour started in amaze, 325
 And, meaning censure, hinted praise;
 When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
 And hands, thank'd Heav'n that she was wise;
 When all around me, with an air
 Of hopeless sorrow, look'd despair; 330
 When they or said or seem'd to say
 There is but one, one only way
 Better, and be advis'd by us,
 Not be at all than to be thus;
 When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride 335
 Disabled lay by Virtue's side,
 Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,
 Which could not hope, yet would not fear.
 Health in her motion, the wild grace
 Of pleasure speaking in her face, 340
 Dull regularity thrown by,
 And comfort beaming from her eye,
 Fancy, in richest robes array'd,
 Came smiling forth and brought me aid;
 Came smiling o'er that dreadful time, 345
 And, more to bless me, came in rhyme.
 Nor is her pow'r to me confin'd;
 It spreads, it comprehends mankind.
 When (to the spirit-stirring sound
 Of trumpets breathing courage round, 350
 And fives well mingled to restrain
 And bring that courage down again;
 Or to the melancholy knell
 Of the dull deep and doleful bell,

Such as of late the good Saint Bride
 Muffled, to mortify the pride 355
 Of those who, England quite forgot,
 Paid their vile homage to the Scot,
 Where Asgill held the foremost place,
 Whilst my Lord figur'd at a race) 360
 Processions ('tis not worth debate
 Whether they are of stage or state).
 Move on so very very slow,
 'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
 When the performers all the while 365
 Mechanically frown or smile,
 Or, with a dull and stupid stare,
 A vacancy of sense declare,
 Or, with down-bending eye, seem wrought
 Into a labyrinth of thought, 370
 Where Reason wanders still in doubt,
 And, once got in, cannot get out,
 What cause sufficient can we find,
 To satisfy a thinking mind,
 Why, dup'd by such vain farces, man 375
 Descends to act on such a plan?
 Why they, who hold themselves divine,
 Can in such wretched follies join,
 Strutting like peacocks, or like crows,
 Themselves and Nature to expose? 380
 What cause, but that (you'll understand)
 We have our remedy at hand,
 That if perchance we start a doubt,
 Ere it is fix'd we wipe it out;
 As surgeons, when they lop a limb, 385
 Whether for profit, fame, or whim,
 Or mere experiment to try,
 Must always have a styptic by)
 Fancy steps in, and stamps that real
 Which *ipso facto* is ideal.

Can none remember? yes, I know,
 All must remember that rare show
 When to the country Sense went down,
 And fools came flocking up to Town;
 When knights (a work which all admit 395
 To be for knight-hood much unfit)
 Built booths for hire; when parsons play'd,
 In robes canonical array'd,
 And, fiddling, join'd the Smithfield dance,
 The price of tickets to advance; 400
 Or, unto tapsters turn'd, dealt out,
 Running from booth to booth about,
 To ev'ry scoundrel, by retail,
 True pennyworths of beef and ale,
 Then first prepar'd, by bringing beer in, 405
 For present grand electioneering;
 When heralds, running all about
 To bring in order, turn'd it out;
 When by the prudent Marshall's care
 Left the rude populace should stare, 410
 And with unhallow'd eyes profane
 Gay puppets of Patrician strain,
 The whole procession, as in spite,
 Unhear'd, unseen, stole off by night;
 When our lov'd monarch, nothing loath, 415
 Solemnly took that sacred oath,
 Whence mutual firm agreements spring
 Betwixt the subject and the king,
 By which, in usual manner crown'd,
 His head, his heart, his hands, he bound, 420
 Against himself; should passion stir
 The least propensity to err,
 Against all slaves who might prepare
 Or open force or hidden snare,
 That glorious Charter to maintain, 425
 By which we serve, and he must reign;

Then Fancy with unbounded sway,
 Revell'd sole mistress of the day,
 And wrought such wonders as might make
 Egyptian sorcerers forsake 430

Their baffled mockeries, and own
 The palm of magic her's alone.

A knight (who in the silken lap
 Of lazy Peace had liv'd on nap;
 Who never yet had dar'd to roam 435
 'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
 Nor even that, unless a guide.

Was plac'd to amble by his side,
 And troops of slaves were spread around
 To keep his Honour safe and sound; 440

Who could not suffer, for his life,
 A point to sword, or edge to knife,
 And always fainted at the sight
 Of blood; tho' 'twas not shed in fight;
 Who disinherited one son 445

For firing off an alder gun,
 And whipt another, six years old,
 Because the boy, presumptuous, bold
 To madness, likely to become,
 A very Swiss, had beat a drum; 450

Tho' it appear'd an instrument
 Most peaceable and innocent,
 Having, from first, been in the hands
 And service of the City-Bands)

Grac'd with those ensigus which were meant 455
 To further Honour's dread intent,
 The minds of warriors to inflame,
 And spur them on to deeds of fame;

With little sword; large spurs, high feather,
 Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather, 460
 (And all must own, who pay regard
 To charity, it had been hard

That in his very first campaign
 His honours should be soil'd with rain)
 A hero all at once became, 461
 And (seeing others much the same
 In point of valour as himself,
 Who leave their courage on a shelf
 From year to year, till some such rout
 In proper season calls it out) 479
 Strutted, look'd big and swagger'd more
 Than ever hero did before;
 Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
 Like Mavors, grimly smil'd and frown'd;
 Seem'd heav'n, and earth, and hell, to call 478
 To fight, that he might rout them all,
 And personated valour's style
 So long, spectators to beguile,
 That passing strange, and wondrous true,
 Himself at last believ'd it too, 480
 Nor for a time could he discern,
 Till truth and darkness took their turn,
 So well did Fancy play her part,
 That coward still was at the heart.
 Whiffle, (who knows not Whiffle's name, 485
 By the impartial voice of Fame
 Recorded first thro' all this land
 In Vanity's illustrious band)
 Who, by all bounteous Nature meant
 For offices of hardiment, 490
 A modern Hércules at least,
 To rid the world of each wild beast,
 Of each wild beast which came in view,
 Whether on four legs or on two,
 Degenerate, delights to prove 495
 His force on the parade of Love,
 Disclaims the joys which camps afford,
 And for the distaff quits the sword;

Who fond of women would appear
 To public eye and public ear, 500
 But, when in private, let's them know
 How little they can trust to show;
 Who sports a woman, as of course,
 Just as a jockey shews a horse,
 And then returns her to the stable, 505
 Or, vainly plants her at his table,
 Where he would rather Venus find,
 (So pall'd, and so deprav'd his mind)
 Than, by some great occasion led,
 To seize her panting in her bed, 510
 Burning with more than mortal fires,
 And melting in her own desires;
 Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
 Thro' fashion, not thro' feeling, wild;
 Whate'er in others, who proceed 515
 As Sense and Nature have decreed,
 From real passion flows, in him
 Is mere effect of mode and whim;
 Who laughs, a very common way,
 Because he nothing has to say, 520
 As your choice spirits oaths dispense
 To fill up vacancies of sense;
 Who having some small sense defies it,
 Or, using, always misapplies it;
 Who now and then brings something forth 525
 Which seems indeed of sterling worth;
 Something, by sudden start and fit,
 Which at a distance looks like wit,
 But on examination near,
 To his confusion will appear, 530
 By truth's fair glass, to be at best
 A threadbare jester's threadbare jest;
 Who frisks and dances thro' the street,
 Sings without voice, rides without seat,

Play's o'er his tricks, like *Aesop's* ass, 535
 A *gratis* fool to all who pass;
 Who riots, tho' he loves not waste,
 Whores without lust, drinks without taste,
 Acts without sense, talks without thought,
 Does ev'ry thing but what he ought; 540
 Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
 Of vice, is vicious; who one hour,
 Proud without pride, the next will be
 Humble without humility;
 Whose vanity we all discern, 545
 The spring on which his actions turn;
 Whose aim in erring is to err,
 So that he may be singular,
 And all his utmost wiflies mean
 Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be seen: 550
 Such (for when, *Flatt'ry's* soothing strain,
 Had robb'd the Muse of her disdain,
 And found a method to persuade
 Her art to soften ev'ry shade,
 Justice, enrag'd, the pencil snatch'd 555
 From her degen'rate hand, and scratch'd
 Out ev'ry trace, then quick as thought,
 From life this striking likeness caught)
 In mind, in manners, and in mien,
 Such Whistle came, and such was seen 560
 In the world's eye; but, (strange to tell!)
 Missed by *Fancy's* magic spell,
 Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
 Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
 Was more than human in his own. 565
 O bow! bow all at *Fancy's* throne,
 Whose pow'r could make so vile an elf
 With patience bear that thing, himself.
 But, mistress of each art to please,
 Creative *Fancy!* what are these, 570

These pageants of a trifler's pen,
 To what thy pow'r effected then?
 Familiar with the human mind,
 As swift and subtle as the wind,
 Which we all feel, yet no one knows. 575
 Or whence it comes or where it goes,
 Fancy at once in ev'ry part
 Possess'd the eye, the head, the heart,
 And in a thousand forms array'd,
 A thousand various gambols play'd. 580
 Here, in a face which well might ask
 The privilege to wear a mask
 In spite of law, and justice teach
 For public good t'excuse the breach,
 Within the furrow of a wrinkle 585
 'Twixt eyes which could not shine but twinkle,
 Like centinels i' th' starry way,
 Who wait for the return of day,
 Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
 Their watch, like soldiers, in their sleep; 590
 Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r
 Of law, must burn from hour to hour,
 (Else they, without redemption, fall
 Under the terrors of that Hall
 Which, once notorious for a hop, 595
 Is now become a justice shop)
 Which are so manag'd, to go out
 Just when the time comes round about,
 Which yet, thro' emulation, strive
 To keep their dying light alive, 600
 And (not uncommon, as we find
 Amongst the children of mankind)
 As they grow weaker would seem stronger,
 And burn a little, little longer:
 Fancy, betwixt such eyes enshrin'd, 605
 No brush to daub, no mill to grind,

Thrice wav'd her wand around, whose force
 Chang'd in an instant Nature's course,
 And, hardly credible in rhyme,
 Not only stopp'd but call'd back time, 610
 The face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
 Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,
 Down the neck ringlets spread their flames,
 The neck admiring whence they came;
 On the arch'd brow the Graces play'd; 615
 On the full bosom Cupid laid;
 Suns, from their proper orbits sent,
 Became for eyes a supplement;
 Teeth, white as ever teeth were seen,
 Deliver'd from the hand of Green, 620
 Started, in regular array,
 Like train-bands on a grand field day,
 Into the gums, which would have fled,
 But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red;
 Quite alter'd was the whole machine, 625
 And Lady——— was fifteen.
 Here she made lordly temples rise
 Before the pious Dashwood's eyes,
 Temples which, built aloft in air,
 May serve for show if not for pray'r; 630
 In solemn form herself, before,
 Array'd like Faith, the Bible bore:
 There, over Melcombe's feather'd head,
 Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
 Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phiz, 635
 More of another world than this,
 To a dwarf Muse a giant page,
 The last grave fop of the last age,
 In a superb and feather'd hearse,
 Bescutcheon'd and betagg'd with verve, 640
 Which, to beholders from afar,
 Appear'd like a triumphal car,

She rode, in a cast rainbow clad;
 There, throwing off the hallow'd plaid,
 Naked, as when (in those drear cells 645
 Where self-blest'd, self-curs'd, Madness dwells)
 Pleasure, on whom, in Laughter's shape,
 Frenzy had perfected a rape,
 First brought her forth, before her time,
 Wild witness of her shame and crime, 650
 Driving before an idol band
 Of driv'ling Stewarts, hand in hand;
 Some who, to curse mankind, had wore
 A crown they ne'er must think of more;
 Others, whose baby brows were grac'd 655
 With paper crowns and toys of paste,
 She jig'd, and, playing on the flute,
 Spread raptures o'er the soul of Bute.
 Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,
 Which wrought the busy soul of man 660
 To her full bent, the Civil Law,
 Fit code to keep a world in awe,
 Bound o'er his brow, fair to behold,
 As Jewish frontlets were of old,
 The famous Charter of our land 665
 Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
 As one whom deepest thoughts employ,
 But deepest thoughts of truest joy,
 Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,
 Before him troops of heroes walk'd, 670
 Whom best he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,
 By Tories guarded all around,
 Dull solemn pleasure in his face,
 He saw the honours of his race,
 He saw their lineal glories rise, 675
 And touch'd, or seem'd to touch, the skies:
 Not the most distant mark of fear,
 No sign of axe or scaffold near,

Not one curs'd thought to cross his will
Of such a place as Tower Hill.

680

Curse on this Muse, a flippant jade,
A shrew, like ev'ry other maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peevishness and spleen:
Her tongue, (for as one bound for life,
The husband suffers for the wife,

685

So if in any works of rhyme
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor culprit bards must always rue it,
Altho' 'tis plain the Muses do it)

690

Sooner or later, cannot fail

To send me headlong to a jail.

Whate'er my theme, (our themes we chuse

In modern days without a Muse,

Just as a father will provide

695

To join a bridegroom and a bride,

As if, tho' they must be the play'rs,

The game was wholly his, not theirs)

Whate'er my theme, the Muse, who still

Owens no direction but her will,

700

Flies off, and, ere I could expect,

By ways oblique and indirect,

At once quite over head and ears

In fatal politics appears.

Time was, and, if I ought discern

705

Of Fate, that time shall soon return,

When, decent and demure at least,

As grave and dull as any priest,

I could see Vice in robes array'd,

Could see the game of Folly play'd

710

Successfully in Fortune's school,

Without exclaiming rogue or fool:

Time was, when nothing loath or proud,

I lacky'd with the fawning crowd,

BOOK IV. THE GHOST.

25

Scoundrels in office; and would bow
To ciphers great in place; but now
Upright I stand, as if wise Fate,
To compliment a shatter'd state,
Had me, like Atlas, hither sent
To shoulder up the firmament,
And if I stoop'd, with gen'ral crack
The heav'n's would tumble from my back:
Time was, when rank and situation
Secur'd the great ones of the nation
From all control; satire and law
Kept only little knaves in awe;
But now, decorum lost, I stand
Bemus'd, a pencil in my hand,
And, dead to ev'ry sense of shame,
Careless of safety and of fame,
The names of scoundrels minute down,
And libel more than half the Town.

715

720

725

730

How can a statesman be secure
In all his villanies, if poor
And dirty authors thus shall dare
To lay his rotten bosom bare?
Muses should pass away their time
In dressing out the poet's rhyme
With bills and ribbands, and array,
Each line in harmless taste, tho' gay.
When the hot burning fit is on,
They should regale their restless son
With something to allay his rage,
Some cool Castalian beverage,
Or some such draught (tho' they, 'tis plain,
Taking the Muse's name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a Whitehead's Ode go down,
Or slakes the Feverish of Brown:

735

740

745

750

But who would in his senses think,
 Of Muses giving gall to drink,
 Or that their folly should afford
 To raving poets gun or sword?
 Poets were ne'er design'd by Fate
 To meddle with affairs of state,
 Nor should (if we may speak our thought
 Truly as men of honour ought)
 Sound policy their age admit,
 To launch the thunderbolts of wit
 About those heads which, when they're shot,
 Can't tell if 'twas by Wit or not.

755

760

These things well known, what devil, in spite,
 Can have seduc'd me thus to write
 Out of that road, which must have led
 To riches without heart or head,
 Into that road which, had I more
 Than ever poet had before
 Of wit and virtue, in disgrace
 Would keep me still, and out of place,
 Which, if some judge (you'll understand
 One famous, famous thro' the land
 For making law) should stand my friend,
 At last may in a pill'ry end;
 And all this, I myself admit,
 Without one cause to lead to it?—

765

770

775

For instance now—this book—The Ghost—
 Methinks I hear some critic post
 Remark most gravely—"The first word
 Which we about The Ghost have heard."
 Peace, my good Sir!—not quite so fast—
 What is the first may be the last,
 Which is a point, all must agree,
 Cannot depend on you or me,
 Fanny, no Ghost of common mould;
 Is not by forms to be controull'd;

780

785

To keep her state, and shew her skill,
 She never comes but when she will.
 I wrote and wrote, (perhaps you doubt,
 And shrewdly, what I wrote about; 790
 Believe me, much to my disgrace,
 I, too, am in the self-same case)
 But still, I wrote till Fanny came
 Impatient nor could any shame
 On me, with equal justice, fall, 795
 If she had never come at all.
 An underling, I could not stir
 Without the cue thrown out by her,
 Nor from the subject aid receive
 Until she came and gave me leave, 800
 So that, (ye sons of Erudition!
 Mark, this is but a supposition,
 Nor would I to so wise a nation
 Suggest it as a revelation).
 If henceforth, dully turning o'er 805
 Page after page, ye read no more
 Of Fanny, who, in sea or air,
 May be departed God knows where,
 Rail at jilt Fortune; but agree
 No censure can be laid on me, 810
 For sure (the cause let Mansfield try)
 Fanny is in the fault not I.
 But, to return—and this I hold
 A secret worth its weight in gold
 To those who write, as I write now, 815
 Not to mind where they go, or how,
 Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and stile,
 Make it but worth the reader's while,
 And keep a passage fair and plain
 Always to bring him back again. 820
 Thro' dirt who scruples to approach,
 At Pleasure's call, to take a coach.

But we should think the man a clown
Who in the dirt should set us down.

But, to return—If Wit, who ne'er
The shackles of restraint could bear,
In wayward humour should refuse
Her timely succour to the Muse,
And, to no rules and orders ty'd,
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She must renounce Decorum's plan,
And get back when and how she can;
As parsons, who, without pretext,
As soon as mention'd, quit their text,
And, to promote sleep's genial pow'r,
Grope in the dark for half an hour,
Give no more reason (for we know
Reason is vulgar, mean, and low)
Why they come back (should it befall
That ever they come back at all)
Into the road, to end the rout,
Than they can give why they went out.

But to return—this book—The Ghost—

A mere amusement at the most;
A trifle, fit to wear away
The horrors of a rainy day;
A slight shot silk; for summer wear,
Just as our modern statesmen are,
If rigid honesty permit
That I for once purloin the wit
Of him who, were we all to steal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel:
Yet in this Book, where Ease should join
With Mirth to sugar ev'ry line;
Where it should all be mere chit-chat,
Lively, good-humour'd; and all that;
Where honest Satire, in disgrace,
Should not so much as show her face,

825

830

835

840

845

850

855

The shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into Laughter's sacred grounds, 860
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
In science, trade and politics.

But why should the distemper'd scold
Attempt to blacken men enroll'd
In Pow'r's dread book, whose mighty skill 865
Can twist an empire to their will;

Whose voice is Fate, and on their tongue
Law, liberty, and life, are hung;
Whom on inquiry, Truth shall find,
With Stewarts link'd, time out of mind. 870
Superior to their country's laws,

Defenders of a tyrant's cause;
Men who the same damn'd maxims hold
Darkly, which they avow'd of old;
Who, tho' by diff'rent means, pursue 875
The end which they had first in view,
And, force found vain, now play their part
With much less honour, much more art?

Why, at the corners of the streets,
To ev'ry patriot drudge she meets, 880
Known or unknown, with furious cry
Should she wild clamours vent? or why,
The minds of groundlings to inflame,
A Dashwood, Bute, and Wyndham, name?

Why, having not, to our surprize, 885
The fear of death before her eyes,
Bearing, and that but now and then,
No other weapon but her pen,
Should she an argument afford
For blood to men who wear a sword? 890

Men who can nicely trim and pare
A point of honour to a hair;
(Honour—a word of nice import,
A pretty trinket in a court,

Which my Lord, quite in rapture, feels 895
 Dangling and rattling with his seals—
 Honour—a word which all the Nine
 Would be much puzzled to define—
 Honour—a word which torture mocks,
 And might confound a thousand Lockes— 900
 Which (for I leave to wiser heads,
 Who fields of death prefer to beds
 Of down, to find out, if they can,
 What Honour is on their wild plan)
 Is not, to take it in their way, 905
 And this we sure may dare to say
 Without incurring an offence,
 Courage, law, honesty, or sense)
 Men who, all spirit, life, and soul,
 Neat butchers of a buttonhole, 910
 Having more skill, believe it true
 That they must have more courage too;
 Men who, without a place or name,
 Their fortunes speechless as their fame,
 Would by the sword new fortunes carve, 915
 And rather die in fight than starve
 At coronations, a vast field,
 Which food of ev'ry kind might yield;
 Of good sound food, at once most fit
 For purposes of health and wit? 920
 Could not ambitious satire rest,
 Content with what she might digest?
 Could she not feast on things of course,
 A champion, or a champion's horse?
 A champion's horse—no braver say, 925
 Tho' better figur'd on that day—
 A horse, which might appear to us
 Who deal in rhyme a Pegasus;
 A rider who, when once got on,
 Might pass for a Bellerophon, 930

Dropt on a sudden from the skies,
 To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
 To witch, with wand instead of whip,
 The world with noble horsemanship,
 To twist and twine both horse and man, 935
 On such a well-concerted plan,
 That, Centaur-like, when all was done,
 We scarce could think they were not one?
 Could she not to our itching ears
 Bring the new names of new-coin'd peers, 940
 Who walk'd, nobility forgot,
 With shoulders fitter for a knot
 Than robes of honour, for whose sake
 Heralds, in form, were forc'd to make,
 To make, because they could not find, 945
 Great predecessors to their mind?
 Could she not (tho' 'tis doubtful since
 Whether he plumber is or prince)
 Tell of a simple knight's advance
 To be a doughty peer of France? 950
 Tell how he did a dukedom gain,
 And Robinson was Aquitain?
 Tell how her City chiefs, disgrac'd,
 Were at an empty table plac'd?
 A gross neglect! which, whilst they live, 955
 They can't forget, and won't forgive?
 A gross neglect of all those rights
 Which march with City appetites,
 Of all those canons which we find
 By Gluttony time out of mind 960
 Establish'd, which they ever hold
 Dearer than any thing but gold?

Thanks to my stars—I now see shore—
 Of courtiers and of courts no more—
 Thus stumbling on my City friends, 965
 Blind Chance, my galls, my purpose bends.

In line direct, and shalt pursue
 The point which I had first in view,
 Nor more shall with the reader sport
 Till I have seen him safe in port. 970
 Hush'd be each fear—no more I bear
 Thro' the wide regions of the air
 The reader terrify'd, no more
 Wild ocean's horrid paths explore.
 Be the plain track from henceforth mine— 975
 Cross-roads to Allen I resign;
 Allen! the honour of this nation;
 Allen! himself a corporation;
 Allen! of late notorious grown
 For writings none, or all his own; 980
 Allen! the first of letter'd men,
 Since the good Bishop holds his pen,
 And at his elbow takes his stand
 To mend his head and guide his hand.
 But hold—once more, Digression hence— 985
 Let us return to common sense;
 The car of Phœbus I discharge,
 My carriage now a Lord's May'r's barge.
 Suppose we now—(we may suppose
 In verse what would be sin in prose—) 990
 The sky with darkness overspread,
 And ev'ry star retir'd to bed;
 The gewgaw robes of Pomp and Pride
 In some dark corner thrown aside;
 Great lords and ladies giving way 995
 To what they seem to scorn by day,
 The real feelings of the heart,
 And Nature taking place of Art;
 Desire triumphant thro' the night,
 And Beauty panting with delight; 1000
 Chastity, woman's fairest crown,
 Till the return of morn laid down,

Then to be worn again as bright
As if not sally'd in the night;
Dull Ceremony, bus'ness o'er, 1005
Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door;
Precaution trudging all about
To see the candle safely out,
Bearing a mighty master-key,
Habited like Economy, 1010
Stamping each lock with triple seals,
Mean Av'rice creeping at her heels.

Suppose we, too, like sheep in pen,
The May'r and Court of Aldermen
Within their barge, which thro' the deep, 1015
The rowers more than half asleep,
Mov'd slow, as overcharg'd with state;
Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
And felt that bawble heavier far
Than a whole fleet of men of war. 1020

Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head
With lib'ral hand his poppies shed,
Each head, by Dulness, render'd fit
Sleep and his empire to admit.

Thro' the whole passage not a word, 1025
Not one faint, weak, half-sound, was heard;
Sleep had prevail'd, to overwhelm

The steersman nodding o'er the helm;
The rowers, without force or skill,
Left the dull barge to drive at will; 1030

The sluggish oars suspended hung,
And even Beardmore held his tongue.

Commerce, regardful of a freight
On which depended half her state,
Stepp'd to the helm; with ready hand 1035
She safely clear'd that bank of sand

Where, stranded, our west-country fleet
Delay and danger often meet;

Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,
 Comes in full tides, and brings them aid. 1040
 Next (for the Muses can survey
 Objects by night as well as day;
 Nothing prevents their taking aim,
 Darkness and light to them the same)
 They pass'd that building which of old 1045
 Queen-mothers was design'd to hold,
 At present a mere lodging-pen,
 A palace turn'd into a den,
 To barracks turn'd, and soldiers tread
 Where dowagers have laid their head. 1050
 Why should we mention Surrey-street,
 Where ev'ry week grave judges meet,
 All fitted out with hum and ha,
 In proper form to drawl out law,
 To see all causes duly try'd 1055
 'Twixt knaves who drive and fools who ride!
 Why at the Temple should we stay?
 What of the Temple dare we say?
 A dang'rous ground we tread on there,
 And words perhaps may actions bear; 1060
 Where, as the brethren of the seas
 For fares the lawyers ply for fees.
 What of that Bridge, most wisely made
 To serve the purposes of trade,
 In the great mart of all this nation, 1065
 By stopping up the navigation,
 And to that sandbank adding weight,
 Which is already much too great?
 What of that Bridge, which, void of sense,
 But well supply'd with impudence, 1070
 Englishmen, knowing not the Guild,
 Thought they might have a claim to build,
 Till Paterfon, as white as milk,
 Is smooth as oil, as soft as silk,

In solemn manner had decreed,
 That on the other side the Tweed
 Art, born and bred, and fully grown,
 Was with one Mylne, a man unknown;
 But grace, preferment, and renown,
 Deserving, just arriv'd in Town :
 One Mylne ! an artist perfect quite,
 Both in his own and country's right,
 As fit to make a bridge as he,
 With glorious Patavinity,
 To build inscriptions, worthy found
 To lie for ever under ground.

1075

1080

1085

Much more, worth observation too,
 Was this a season to pursue
 The theme, our Muse might tell in rhyme :
 The will she hath, but not the time ;
 For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,
 (And when a goddess comes, we know,
 Surpassing Nature acts prevail,
 And boats want neither oar nor sail)
 The vessel pass'd, and reach'd the shore
 So quick, that thought was scarce before.

1090

1095

Suppose we now our City court
 Safely deliver'd at the port,
 And, of their state regardless quit,
 Landed, like smuggled goods, by night.
 The solemn magistrate laid down,
 The dignity of robe and gown,
 With ev'ry other ensign gone,
 Suppose the woollen nightcap on ;
 The flesh-brush us'd, with decent state,
 To make the spirits circulate,
 (A form which, to the senses true,
 The liquorish chaplain uses too,
 Tho', something to improve the plan,
 He takes the maid instead of man)

1100

1105

111

Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er,
 To shew the vigour of threescore,
 The vigour of threescore and ten
 Above the proof of younger men,
 Suppose the mighty Dulman led
 Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed;
 Suppose, the moment he lies down,
 No miracle in this great Town,
 The drone as fast asleep as he
 Must in the course of Nature be,
 Who, truth for our foundation sake,
 When up is never half awake.

1115

1120

There let him sleep, whilst we survey
 The preparations for the day;
 That day on which was to be shown
 Court pride by City pride outdone.

1125

The jealous mother sends away,
 As only fit for childish play,
 That daughter who, to gall her pride,
 Shoots up too forward by her side.

1130

The wretch, of God and man accurs'd,
 Of all hell's instruments the worst,
 Draws forth his pawns, and for the day
 Struts in some spendthrift's vain array;
 Around his awkward doxy shine
 The treasures of Golconda's mine;
 Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,
 Beholds her folly publish'd there.

1135

Garments well fav'd, (an anecdote
 Which we can prove or would not quote)
 Garments well-fav'd, which first were made
 When tailors, to promote their trade,
 Against the Piets in arms arose,
 And drove them out, or made them cloaths;
 Garments immortal, without end,
 Like names and titles, which descend

1140

1145

Successively from fire to son;
 Garments, unless some work is done
 Of note, not suffer'd to appear
 'Bove once at most in ev'ry year,
 Were now, in solemn form, laid bare,
 To take the benefit of air,
 And, ere they came to be employ'd
 On this solemnity, to void
 That scent which Russia's leather gave,
 From vile and impious moth to save.

1150

1159

Each head was busy, and each heart
 In preparation bore a part;
 Running together all about
 The servants put each other out,
 Till the grave master had decreed,
 The more haste ever the worst speed.
 Miss, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
 Over a smuggled toilette dos'd :

1160

The waiting-maid, whom story notes
 A very Scrub in petticoats,
 Hir'd for one work, but doing all,
 In slumbers lean'd against the wall.

1165

Milliners, summon'd from afar,
 Arriv'd in shoals at Temple-Bar,
 Strictly commanded to import
 Cart-loads of foppery from court;

1170

With labour'd visible design
 Art strove to be superbly fine;
 Nature, more pleasing, tho' more wild,
 Taught otherwise her darling child,
 And cry'd, with spirited disdain,
 Be H—— elegant and plain.

1175

Lo! from the chambers of the East,
 A welcome prelude to the feast,
 In saffron-colour'd robe array'd,
 High in a car by Vulcan made,

1180

Who work'd for Jove himself, each steed
 High-mettled, of celestial breed,
 Pawing and pacing all the way,
 Aurora brought the wish'd-for day,
 And held her empire, till out-run
 By that brave jolly groom the Sun.

1183

The trumpet—hark! it speaks—it swells
 The loud full harmony; it tells
 The time at hand when Dulman, led
 By form, his citizens must head
 And march those troops which, at his call,
 Were now assembled to Guildhall,
 On matters of importance great
 To court and city, church and state.

1190

1195

From end to end the sound makes way,
 All hear the signal and obey;
 But Dulman, who, his charge forgot,
 By Morpheus setter'd; heard it not;
 Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,
 Hear any trumpet but the last.

1200

Crape, ever true and trusty known,
 Stole from the maid's bed to his own,
 Then in the spirituals of pride,
 Planted himself at Dulman's side.
 Thrice did the ever-faithful slave,
 With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
 And broke death's adamant chain,
 On Dulman call, but call'd in vain.

1205

1210

Thrice with an arm that might have made
 The Theban boxer curse his trade,
 The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
 And thrice fell backward on his bed.
 What could be done? Where force hath fail'd
 Policy often hath prevail'd,
 And what, an inference most plain,
 Had been, Crape thought might be again.

1215

Under his pillow (still in mind)
 The proverb kept, Fast bind, fast find) 1220
 Each blessed night the keys were laid,
 Which Crape to draw away aslay'd.
 What not the pow'r of voice or arm
 Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
 Quick started he with stupid stare, 1225
 For all his little soul was there.

Behold him taken up, rubb'd down,
 In elbow-chair and morning-gown ;
 Beheld him, in his latter bloom,
 Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume ; 1230
 Behold him bending with the weight
 Of robes, and trumpery of state ;
 Behold him (for the maxim's true,
 What'e'r we by another do
 We do ourselves, and chaplain paid, 1235
 Like slaves, in ev'ry other trade,
 Had mutter'd over God knows what,
 Something which he by heart had got)
 Having, as usual, said his pray'rs,
 Go titter-totter to the stairs ; 1240
 Behold him for descent prepare
 With one foot trembling in the air ;
 He starts, he pauses on the brink,
 And, hard to credit, seems to think ;
 Thro' his whole train (the chaplain gave 1245
 The proper cue to ev'ry slave)
 At once, as with infection caught,
 Each started, paus'd, and aim'd at thought ;
 He turns, and they turn ; big with care,
 He waddles to his elbow-chair, 1250
 Squats down, and, silent for a season,
 At last with Crape begins to reason ;
 But first of all he made a sign
 That ev'ry soul but the divine

Should quit the room; in him, he knows, 1155
 He may all confidence repose.

“Crape—tho’ I’m yet not quite awake—
 Before this awful step I take,
 On which my future all depends,
 I ought to know my foes and friends, 1260
 My foes and friends—observe me still—

I mean not those who well or ill
 Perhaps may wish me, but those who
 Have’t in their pow’r to do it too.

Now if, attentive to the state, 1265

In too much hurry to be great,
 Or thro’ much zeal, a motive, Crape,

Deserving praise, into a scrape

I, like a fool, am got, no doubt

I, like a wise man, should get out: 1270

Note that remark without replies;

I say that to get out is wise,

Or by the very self-same rule

That to get in was like a fool.

The marrow of this argument 1275

Must wholly rest on the event,

And therefore, which is really hard,

Against events too I must guard.

Should things continue as they stand,
 And Bute prevail thro’ all the land 1280

Without a rival, by his aid

My fortunes in a trice are made;

Nay, honours on my zeal may smile,

And stamp me Earl of some great Isle:

But if, a matter of much doubt, 1285

The present minister goes out,

Fain would I know on what pretext

I can stand fairly with the next?

For as my aim, at ev’ry hour,

Is to be well with those in pow’r, 1290

And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I should not, like a blockhead, chuse
To gain these so as those to lose :
'Tis good in ev'ry case, you know,
To have too strings unto our bow."

1295

As one in wonder lost, Crape view'd
His lord, who thus his speech pursu'd :

"This, my good Crape! is my grand point;

And as the times are out of joint,

1300

The greater caution is requir'd

To bring about the point desir'd.

What I would wish to bring about

Cannot admit a moment's doubt ;

The matter in dispute, you know,

1305

Is what we call the *Quomodo*.

That be thy task"—The rev'rend slave,

Becoming in a moment grave,

Fix'd to the ground and rooted, stood

Just like a man cut out of wood,

1310

Such as we see (without the least

Reflection glancing on the priest).

One or more, planted up and down,

Almost in ev'ry church in Town ;

He stood some minutes, then, like one

1315

Who wish'd the matter might be done,

But could not do it, shook his head,

And thus the man of Sorrow said :

"Hard is this task, too hard, I swear,

By much too hard, for me to bear ;

1320

Beyond expression hard my part,

Could mighty Dulman see my heart,

When he, alas! makes known a will

Which Crape's not able to fulfil.

Was ever my obedience barr'd

1325

By any trifling nice regard

To sense and honour? could I reach
 Thy meaning without help of speech,
 At the first motion of thy eye
 Did not thy faithful creature fly? 1330
 Have I not said not what I ought,
 But what by earthly master taught?
 Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty strong,
 In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
 Did ever Int'rest, to whom thou 1335
 Canst not with more devotion bow,
 Warp my sound faith, or will of mine
 In contradiction run to thine?
 Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
 When bus'ness call'd aloud for haste, 1340
 Torn myself thence, yet never heard
 To utter one complaining word,
 And had, till thy great work was done,
 All appetites as having none?
 Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd 1345
 Of voluntary servitude,
 Pursu'd without or shame or fear,
 Thro' the great circle of the year,
 Now to receive in this grand hour,
 Commands which lie beyond my pow'r, 1350
 Commands which baffle all my skill,
 And leave me nothing but my will:
 Be that accepted; let my Lord
 Indulgence to his slave afford:
 This task, for my poor strength unfit, 1355
 Will yield to none but Dulman's wit."
 With such gross incense gratify'd,
 And turning up the lip of pride,
 "Poor Crape"—and shock his empty head—
 "Poor puzzled Crape!"—wise Dulman said, 1360
 "Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,
 For things of lower note design'd.

For things within the vulgar reach,
 To run of errands, and to preach,
 Well hast thou judg'd that heads like mine 1365
 Cannot want help from heads like thine;
 Well hast thou judg'd thyself unmeet
 Of such high argument to treat;
 'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,
 And all I said was but a joke. 1370

Nor think a joke, Crape, a disgrace
 Or to my person or my place;
 The wisest of the sons of men
 Have deign'd to use them now and then.
 The only caution, do you see, 1375
 Demanded by our dignity,
 From common use and men exempt,
 Is that they may not breed contempt.
 Great use they have when in the hands
 Of one like me, who understands, 1380
 Who understands the time and place,
 The persons, manner, and the grace,
 Which fools neglect; so that we find,
 If all the requisites are join'd,
 From whence a perfect joke must spring, 1385
 A joke's a very serious thing.

But to our bus'ness—My design,
 Which gave so rough a shock to thine,
 To my capacity is made
 As ready as a fraud in trade; 1390
 Which, like broad cloth, I can, with ease,
 Cut out in any shape I please.

Some, in my circumstance, some few,
 Aye, and those men of genius too,
 Good men, who, without love or hate, 1395
 Whether they early rise or late,
 With names uncrack'd, and credit sound,
 Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,

By threadbare ways and means would try
 To bear their point—so will not I. 1400
~~New methods shall my wisdom find~~
 To suit these matters to my mind,
 So that the infants at court,
 Who make our City wits their sport,
 Shall hail the honours of my reign, 1405
 And own that Dulman bears a brain.

Some, in ~~my~~ place, to gain their ends,
 Would give relations up and friends;
 Would lend a wife, who they might swear
 Safely, was none the worse for wear; 1410
 Would see a daughter, yet a maid,
 Into a statesman's arms betray'd;
 Nay, should the girl prove coy, nor know
 What daughters to a father owe,
 Sooner than schemes so nobly plan'd 1415
 Should fail, themselves would lend a hand;
 Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,
 Properly taught, would vote on t'other;
 Would ev'ry petty band forget;
 To public eye be with one set, 1420
 In private with a second herd,
 And be by proxy with a third;
 Would (like a queen, of whom I read
 The other day—her name is fled—
 In a book (were, together bound;
 Whittington and his Cat I found, 1425
 A tale most true, and free from art,
 Which all Lord Mayors should have by heart)
 A queen (O might those days begin
 Afresh when queens would learn to spin!) 1430
 Who wrought, and wrought, but for some plot,
 The cause of which I've now forgot,
 During the absence of the sun
 Indid what she by day had done)

Whilst they a double visage wear, 1435

What's sworn by day by night unswear.

Such be their arts, and such per chance

May happily their ends advance;

From a new system mine shall spring,

A *Locum tenens* is the thing. 1440

That's your true plan—to obligate

The present ministers of state,

My shadow shall our court approach,

and bear my pow'r, and have my coach;

My fine state-coach! superb to view, 1445

A fine state-coach, and paid for too!

To curry favour, and the grace

Obtain of those who're out of place;

In the mean time I—that's to say—

I proper, I myself—here stay. 1450

But hold—perhaps unto the nation,

Who hate the Scots administration,

To lend my coach may seem to be

Declaring for the ministry,

For where the City-coach is, there 1455

Is the true essence of the May'r

Therefore (for wise men are intent

Evils at distance to prevent,

Whilst fools the evils first endure,

And then are plagu'd to seek a cure) 1460

No coach—a horse—and free from fear

To make our Deputy appear,

Fast on his back shall he be ty'd,

With two grooms marching by his side;

Then for a horse—thro' all the land, 1465

To head our solemn city-band,

Can any one so fit be found.

As he who, in Artill'ry ground,

Without a rider, noble fight!

Led on our bravest troops to fight! 1470

But first, Crape, for my honour's sake,
 A tender point, inquiry make
 About that horse, if the dispute
 Is ended, or is still in suit :
 For whilst a-cause (observe this plan
 Of justice) whether horse or man
 The parties be, remains in doubt,
 Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
 That pow'r must tyranny appear
 Which should, prejudging, interfere,
 And weak faint judges overawe
 To bias the free course of law.

You have my will—now quickly run,
 And take care that my will be done.
 In public, Crape, you must appear,
 Whilst I in privacy sit here ;
 Here shall great Dulman sit alone,
 Making this elbow-chair my throne,
 And you, performing what I bid,
 Do all, as if I nothing did."

Crape heard, and speeded on his way ;
 With him to hear was to obey ;
 Not without trouble, be assur'd,
 A proper proxy was procur'd
 To serve such infamous intent,
 And such a lord to represent,
 Nor could one have been found at all—
 On t'other side of London Wall.

The trumpet sounds—solemn and slow
 Behold the grand procession go,
 All-moving on, cat after kind,
 As if for motion ne'er design'd.

Constables, whom the laws admit
 To keep the peace by breaking it,
 Beadles, who hold the second place
 In virtue of a silver mace,

Which ev'ry Saturday is drawn,
 For use of Sunday out of pawn;
 Treasurers, who with empty key
 Secure an empty treasury; 1510
 Churchwardens, who their course pursue
 In the same state, as to their pew;
 Churchwardens of Saint Marg'ret go,
 Since Peirson taught them pride and show,
 Who in short transient pomp appear, 1515
 Like almanacks chang'd ev'ry year;
 Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
 Charity carries the poor's box,
 Not knowing that with private keys,
 They ope and shut it when they please: 1520
 Overseers who, by frauds, ensure
 The heavy curses of the poor,
 Unclean came flocking; bulls and bears,
 Like beasts into the ark, by pairs.

Portentous, flaming in the van, 1525
 Stalk'd the Professor Sheridan,
 A man of wire, a mere pantine,
 A downright animal machine;
 He knows alone, in proper mode,
 How to take vengeance on an ode, 1530
 And how to butcher Ammon's son
 And poor Jack Dryden both in one:
 On all occasions next the chair
 He stands for service of the May'r,
 And to instruct him how to use 1535
 His A's and B's, and P's and Q's:
 O'er letters, into tatters worn,
 O'er syllables defac'd and torn,
 O'er words disjointed, and o'er sense,
 Left destitute of all defence, 1540
 He strides, and all the way he goes
 Wades deep in blood o'er Criss-cross-rows:

Before him ev'ry consonant
 In agonies is seen to pant;
 Behind, in forms not to be known,
 The ghosts of tortur'd vowels groan.
 Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace
 And City-favour, came in place:
 No children can their toils engage,
 Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend age;
 When a court-dame, to grace his brows
 Resolv'd, is wed to City-spouse,
 Their aid with Madam's aid must join,
 The awkward dotard to refine,
 And teach, whence truest glory flows,
 Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
 Each bore in hand a kit; and each
 To shew how fit he was to teach
 A Cit, an Alderman, a May'r,
 Led in a string a dancing bear.

Since the revival of Píngal,
 Custom, and custom's all in all,
 Commands that we should have regard,
 On all high seasons, to the bard.
 Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue
 Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.
 This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
 The high and mighty Lockman came,
 And, ne'er forgot in Dulman's reign,
 With proper order to maintain
 The uniformity of pride,
 Brought Brother Whitehead by his side.

On horse who proudly paw'd the ground,
 And cast his fiery eyeballs round,
 Snorting and champing the rude bit,
 As if for warlike purpose fit,
 His high and generous blood disdain'd
 To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,

Great Dymock, in his glorious station,
Paraded at the coronation. 1580

Not so our City Dymock came,
Heavy, dispirited, and tame;
No mark of sense, his eyes half clos'd,
He on a mighty dray-horse doz'd:
Fate never could a horse provide 1585

So fit for such a man to ride,
Nor find a man, with strictest care,
So fit for such a horse to bear.
Hung round with instruments of death,
The sight of him would stop the breath 1590

Of braggart Cowardice, and make
The very Court Drawcanfir quake;
With durks which, in the hands of Spite,
Do their damn'd business in the night,
From Scotland sent, but here display'd 1595

Only to fill up the parade;
With swords unflinch'd, of maiden hue,
Which Rage or Valour never drew;
With blunderbusses taught to ride
Like pocket-pistols by his side, 1600
In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be
A little moving armory.

One thing much wanted to complete
The sight, and make a perfect treat,
Was, that the horse, (a courtesy 1605
In horses found of high degree)

Instead of going forward on,
All the way backward should have gone.
Horses, unless they breeding lack,
Some scruple make to turn their back, 1610
Tho' riders, which plain truth declares,
No scruple make of turning theirs.

Far, far apart from all the rest,
Fit only for a standing jest,

The independent; (can you get
A better suited epithet) 1615

The independent Amyand came,
All burning with the sacred flame
Of liberty, which well he knows
On the great stock of slav'ry grows; 1620

Like sparrow who, depriv'd of mate,
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From spray to spray no more will hop,
But sits alone on the house-top;
Or like himself, when all alone 1625

At Croydon he was heard to groan,
Lifting both hands in the defence
Of interest and common sense;
Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and pursu'd his plan, 1630

The left hand had been lonesome quite,
If he had not held up the right:
Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a distant prize,
On which, in letters worthy note, 1635

There twenty thousand pounds was wrote:
False trap, for credit sapp'd is found
By getting twenty thousand pound:
Nay, look not thus on me, and stare,
Doubting the certainty—to swear 1640

In such a case I should be loath—
But Perry Cust may take his oath,

In plain and decent garb array'd,
With the prim Quaker Fraud came Trade;
Connivance, to improve the plan, 1645
Habited like a jurymen,
Judging as interest prevails,

Came next, with measures, weights, and scales;
Extortion next, of hellish race,
A cub most damn'd, to shew his face; 1650

BOOK IV. THE GHOST.

55

Forbid by fear, but not by shame,
 Turn'd to a Jew, like — came;
 Corruption, Midas-like, behold
 Turning whate'er she touch'd to gold;
 Impotence, led by Lust and Pride, 1655
 Strutting with Ponton by her side;
 Hypocrisy, demure and sad,
 In garments of the priesthood clad,
 So well disguis'd, that you might swear,
 Deceiv'd, a very priest was there; 1660
 Bankruptcy, full of ease and health,
 And wallowing in well-sav'd wealth,
 Came sneering thro' a ruin'd band,
 And bringing B — in her hand;
 Victory, hanging down her head, 1665
 Was by a Highland stallion led;
 Peace, cloath'd in fables, with a face
 Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,
 Which spake a deep and rooted shame
 Both of herself and of her name, 1670
 Mourning creeps on, and, blushing, feels
 War, grim War, treading on her heels;
 Pale Credit, shaken by the arts
 Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,
 Taking no notice of a band 1675
 Which near her were ordain'd to stand,
 Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,
 Look'd wistful all around for Pitt:
 Freedom—at that most hallow'd name
 My spirits mount into a flame, 1680
 Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains
 Ev'n to the cracking; thro' my veins
 The tides of life more rapid run,
 And tell me I am Freedom's son! —
 Freedom came next! but scarce was seen, 1685
 When the sky which appear'd serene

C 6.

And gay before, was overcast;
 Horror bestrode a foreign blast,
 And from the prison of the North,
 To Freedom deadly, storms burst forth, 1699

A car like those in which, we're told,
 Our wild forefathers warr'd of old,
 Loaded with death, six horses bear
 Thro' the blank region of the air.

Too fierce for time or art to tame, 1695
 They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame
 From their wide nostrils; ev'ry steed
 Was of that ancient savage breed
 Which fell Geryon nurs'd; their food
 The flesh of man, their drink his blood. 1700

On the first horses, ill match'd pair,
 This fat and sleek, that lean and bare,
 Came ill-match'd riders side by side,
 And Poverty was yok'd with Pride;
 Union most strange it must appear, 1705
 Till other Unions make it clear.

Next, in the gall of bitterness,
 With rage which words can ill express,
 With unforgiving rage, which springs
 From a false zeal for holy things, 1710

Wearing such robes as prophets wear,
 False prophets plac'd in Peter's chair,
 On which, in characters of fire,
 Shapes antic, horrible, and dire,
 Inwoven flam'd, where, to the view, 1715
 In groups appear'd a rabble crew.

Of tainted devils; where, all round,
 Vile reliques of vile men were found,
 Who, worse than devils, from the birth
 Perform'd the work of hell on earth, 1720

Jugglers, Inquisitors, and Popes,
 Pointing at axes, wheels, and ropes,

And engines, fram'd on horrid plan,
 Which none but the destroyer man
 Could, to promote his selfish views, 1725
 Have heads to make or hearts to use,
 Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,
 In her left hand a crucifix,
 Remembrance of our dying Lord,
 And in her right a two-edg'd sword, 1730
 Having her brows, in impious sport,
 Adorn'd with words of high import,
 "On earth peace, amongst men good will,
 Love bearing and forbearing still,"
 All wrote in the hearts' blood of those 1735
 Who rather death than falsehood chose :
 On her breast, (where, in days of yore,
 When God lov'd Jews, the High Priest wore
 Those oracles which were decreed
 To instruct and guide the chosen seed) 1740
 Having with glory clad and strength,
 The Virgin pictur'd at full length,
 Whilst at her feet, in small portray'd,
 As scarce worth notice, Christ was laid,
 Came Superstition, fierce and fell, 1745
 An imp detested ev'n in hell ;
 Her eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
 Foully besmear'd with human gore,
 O'er heaps of mingled saints she rode ;
 Fast at her heels Death proudly strode, 1750
 And grimly smil'd, well pleas'd to see
 Such havoc of mortality :
 Close by her side, on mischief bent,
 And urging on each bad intent,
 To its full bearing, savage, wild, 1755
 The mother fit of such a child,
 Striving the empire to advance
 Of Sin and Death, come Ignorance.

With looks where dread command was plac'd,
 And sov'reign pow'r by pride disgrac'd, 1760
 Where, loudly witnessing a mind
 Of savage more than human kind,
 Not chusing to be lov'd but fear'd,
 Mocking at right, Misrule appear'd,
 With eyeballs glaring fiery red, 1765
 Enough to strike beholders dead,
 Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood
 Pouring corruption forth and blood
 From his chaf'd jaws : without remorse
 Whipping and spurring on his horse, 1770
 Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,
 Ev'n to the bone were open laid,
 Came Tyranny, disdainng awe,
 And trampling over sense and law :
 One thing, and only one, he knew, 1775
 One object only would pursue ;
 Tho' less (so low doth passion bring)
 Than man, he would be more than king.

With ev'ry argument and art
 Which might corrupt the head and heart, 1780
 Soothing the frenzy of his mind;
 Companion meet, was Flatt'ry join'd ;
 Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
 Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook ;
 When simple'most, most to be fear'd ; 1785
 Most crafty when no craft appear'd ;
 His tales no man like him could tell ;
 His words, which melted as they fell,
 Might ev'n a hypocrite deceive,
 And make an infidel believe, 1790
 Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
 Those who had cheated been before.
 Such Flatt'ry came, in evil hour,
 Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,

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And, grown by prostitution great,
Would be first minister of state. 1795

Within the chariot, all alone,
High seated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a figure came,
Whom Justice would, but dare not, name. 1800

Hard times when Justice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear
The names of those who dare offend
Gainst justice, and pervert her end;
But, if the Muse afford me grace, 1805
Description shall supply the place.

In foreign garments he was clad;
Sage ermine o'er the glossy plaid
Cast rev'rend honour; on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of Art, 1810

In silver wrought, and brighter far
Than heav'nly or than earthly star,
Shone a White Rose, the emblem dear
Of him he ever must revere,

Of that dread lord who, with his host 1815
Of faithful native rebels lost,

Like those black spirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell:
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A Bonnet, most superbly grac'd 1820

With mighty Thistles, nor forgot
The sacred motto, "Touch me not."

In the right hand a sword he bore
Harder than adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth 1825

Of the rough North invade the South;
The reeking blade to view presents

The blood of helpless innocents,
And on the hilt, as meek become
As lambs before the shearers dumb, 1830

With downcast eye, and solemn show
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd,
Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.

In his left hand, in wax impress, 1844
With bells and gewgaws idly drest,
An image, cast in baby mould,
He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold:
On this he fix'd his eyes; to this,
Bowing, he gave the loyal kifs, 1849
And, for rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to desire the antitype.

What if to that Pretender's foes
His greatness, nay, his life, he owes?
Shall common obligations bind, 1853
And shake his constancy of mind?
Scorning such weak and petty chains,
Faithful to James he still remains
Tho' he the friend of George appear:
Disimulation's virtue here. 1859

Jealous and mean he with a frown
Would awe and keep all merit down,
Nor would to truth and justice bend,
Unless out-bully'd by his friend:
Brave with the coward, with the brave 1855
He is himself a coward slave:
Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part:
Mines in a subtle train he springs,
And, secret, saps the ears of kings; 1860
But not ev'n there continues firm
'Gainst th' resistance of a worm:
Born in a country where the will
Of one is law to all, he still
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim 1865
To spread it wheresoe'er he came:

Freedom he hated, law defy'd,
The prostitute of pow'r and pride;
~~Law~~ he with ease explains away,
And leads bewilder'd Sense astray;
Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cause he can't maintain,
Proceeds on most familiar grounds,
And where he can't convince confounds :
Talents of rarest stamp and size,
To Nature false, he misapplies,
And turns to poison what was sent
For purposes of nourishment.

1870

1875

1880

1885

1890

1895

1900

Baleness, not such as on his wings
The messenger of Sickness brings,
But such as takes its coward rise
From conscious baseness, conscious vice,
O'erspread his cheeks; disdain and pride,
To upstart fortunes ever ty'd,
Scowl'd on his brow : within his eye,
Insidious, lurking like a spy
To caution principled by fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd cover'd mischief: passion hung
On his lip quiv'ring: on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large: within his breast
All that makes villain found a nest;
All that, on hell's completest plan,
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.

Soon as the car reach'd land he rose,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's best blood, which was enough
Had hearts been made of sterner stuff
In cities than elsewhere, to make
The very stoutest quail and quake,
He cast his baleful eyes around :
Fix'd without motion to the ground,

Fear waiting on surprise, all stood,
 And horror chill'd their curdled blood;
 No more they thought of pomp, no more 1903
 (For they had seen his face before)
 Of law they thought; the cause forgot,
 Whether it was or Ghost or plot,
 Which drew them there: they all stood more
 Like statues than they were before. 1920
 What could be done? Could art, could force,
 Or both, direct a proper course
 To make this savage monster tame,
 Or send him back the way he came?
 What neither art nor force, nor both, 1915
 Could do, a Lord of foreign growth,
 A Lord to that base wretch ally'd
 In country, not in vice and pride,
 Effected; from the self-same land,
 (Bad news for our blaspheming band 1920
 Of scribblers, but deserving note)
 The poison came and antidote.
 Abash'd, the monster hung his head,
 And like an empty vision fled;
 His train, like virgin snows, which run, 1925
 Kiss'd by the burning bawdy sun,
 To lovesick streams, dissolv'd in air;
 Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,
 Came smiling, freed from slavish awe;
 Loyalty, Liberty, and Law, 1930
 Impatient of the galling chain,
 And yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign;
 And, burning with the glorious flame
 Of public virtue, Mansfield came. 1934

THE AUTHOR.

Accurs'd the man whom Fate ordains, in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!
What need of letters? wherefore should we spell?
Why write our names? a mark will do as well.

Much are the precious hours of youth mispent 5
In climbing Learning's rugged steep ascent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns vain monarch o'er a barren spot,
Whilst in the vale of ignorance below
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow; 10
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools, 15
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules;
For sev'n long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to degrees;
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown; 20
To praise each senior blockhead's threadbare tale,
And laugh till Reason blush, and spirits fail;
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And cap the fool, whose merit is his place;
Vice Chancellors, whose knowledge is but small, 25
And Chancellors who nothing know at all,
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit in those days
When learning was the certain road to praise,
When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd. 30

But now, when Dulness rears aloft her throne,
When lordly vassals her wide empire own;

When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
 And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride;
 What, now, should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
 Learning's unfashionable paths to tread,
 To bear those labours which our fathers bore,
 That crown with-held which they in triumph wore.

When with much pains this boasted learning
 'Tis an affront to those who have it not:

In some it causes hate, in others fear,
 Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer,
 With prudent haste the worldly minded fool
 Forgets the little which he learnt at school:
 The elder brother, to vast fortunes born,
 Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;
 Dependent brethren the same features wear,
 And younger sons are stupid as the heir.

In senates, at the bar, in church and state,
 Genius is vile, and learning out of date.

Is this—O death to think! is this the land
 Where merit and reward went hand in hand?
 Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd,
 By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd?
 Where poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
 And by their patrons sanctify'd their praise?
 Is this the land where, on our Spenser's tongue,
 Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung?
 Where Johnson rigid Gravity beguil'd,
 Whilst Reason thro' her critic fences smil'd?
 Where Nature list'ning stood whilst Shakespeare
 And wonder'd at the work herself had made? [play'd.
 Is this the land where, mindful of her charge,
 And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large?
 Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,
 She mock'd at all restraints but those of sense?
 Where, Health and Honour trooping by her side,
 She spread her sacred empire far and wide;

Pointed the way, Affliction to beguile,
 And bade the face of sorrow wear a smile, 70
 Bade those who dare obey the gen'rous call
 Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
 Is this the land where in some tyrant's reign,
 When a weak, wicked, ministerial train,
 The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd 75
 Their country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd
 Those wretches who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,
 Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws;
 When Pow'r was taught by Meanness where to go,
 Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe; 80
 When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
 To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread,
 Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,
 And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
 The scourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain, 85
 Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;
 Is this the land where, in those worst of times,
 The hardy poet rais'd his honest rhymes
 To dread rebuke, and bade Controlment speak
 In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek; 90
 Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
 And made them fear the Muse who fear'd not law?

How do I laugh when men of narrow souls,
 Whom silly guides and prejudice controls;
 Who, ~~on~~ dull drowsy track of bus'ness trod, 95
 Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God;
 Who, ~~back~~ by one musty set of rules,
 Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
 Who, form'd to dulness from their very youth,
 Lives of the day prefer to Gospel-truth; 100
 Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
 And lay out all their stock of faith in news;
 How do I laugh when creatures, form'd like these,
 Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please;

Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime, 10
And hold not truth as truth if told in rhyme?

How do I laugh when Publius, hoary grown
In zeal for Scotland's welfare and his own,
By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn, 11
Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend;
Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring Muse 115
Subjects more equal to her weakness chuse;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
Nor dare to traffic in ambitious strains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim

In quaint-wrought ode, or sonnet pertly trim, 120
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Mason on the first of May?

"All sacred is the name and pow'r of kings;
"All states and statesmen are those mighty things
"Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll,
"Were never made for poets to control." 125

Peace, peace, thou Dotard! nor thus vilely deem
Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blasphemous.

I tell thee, Wretch! search all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no subject can be found, 130

(Our God alone except) above whose weight
The poet cannot rise, and hold his state.

The blessed saints above, in numbers, speak
The praise of God, tho' there all praise is weak;
In numbers here below the bard shall teach 135

Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach; [throat
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse

And raise his voice beyond the trumpets note,
Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men
Of slavish principles, demand his pen, 140

This is a great, a glorious point of view,
 Fit for an English poet to pursue,
 Undaunted to pursue, tho', in return,
 His writings by the common hangman burn.

How do I laugh when men, by Fortune plac'd
 Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd, 146
 Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
 And mean themselves, are of their fathers vain;
 Who would a Bill of Privilege prefer,
 And treat a poet like a creditor, 150

The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,
 And curse the storm they know must break on them?
 "What, shall a reptile bard, a wretch unknown;
 "Without one badge of merit but his own, 154
 "Great nobles lash, and lords, like common men,
 "Smear from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen?"

What's in this name of Lord, that I should fear
 To bring their vices to the public ear?
 Flows not the blood of humble swains 159
 Quick as the tide which swells a monarch's veins?
 Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
 Cannot make virtues in succession flow.

Wouldst thou, proud Man! be safely plac'd above
 The censure of the Muse, deserve her love:
 As ~~as~~ thy birth demands, as nobles ought; 165
 Look back, and, by thy worthy father taught,
 Who earn'd those honours thou wert born to wear,
 Follow his steps, and be his virtue's heir:

But if, regardless of the road to fame,
 You start aside, and tread the paths of shame; 170
 If such thy life, that should thy fire arise,
 The sight of such a son would blast his eyes, (birth,
 Would make him curse the hour which gave thee
 Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of earth;
 Once more, with shame and sorrow, amongst the dead
 In endless night to hide his reu'rend head; 174

If such thy life, tho' kings had made thee more
 Than ever king a scoundrel made before;
 Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
 Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a king, 180
 Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
 The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
 Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
 To the keen question of the searching air.

Gods! with what pride I see the titled slave, 185
 Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
 Aiming at ease and with dishonest art
 Striving to hide the feelings of his heart;
 How do I laugh when, with affected air,
 (Scarce able thro' despite to keep his chair, 190
 Whilst on his trembling lip pale Anger speaks,
 And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks).
 He talks of Conscience, which good men secure
 From all those evil moments guilt endures,
 And seems to laugh at those who pay regard 195
 To the wild ravings of a frantic bard!

"Satire, whilst envy and ill-humour sway
 "The mind of man, must always make her way;
 "Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,
 "Is all her malice worth a single thought. 200
 "The wise have not the will, nor fools the power,
 "To stop her headstrong course; within the hour,
 "Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife
 "Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.
 "All things her prey, and every man her aim, 205
 "I can no patent for exemption claim,
 "Nor would I wish to stop that harmless date
 "Which plays around but cannot wound my heart;
 "Tho' pointed at myself be Satire free,
 "To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me." 210
 Dissembling Wretch! hence to the State school,
 And there amongst thy brethren play the fool!

There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain, doctrines preach:
 Lives there a man whom Satire cannot reach?
 Lives there a man who calmly can stand by, 215
 And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?
 When Satire flies abroad on Falsehood's wing,
 Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
 But when to truth ally'd, the wound she gives
 Sinks deep and to remotest ages lives. 220

When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
 And ev'n by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
 Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
 Live in her page, and stink to after-times.

Hast thou no feeling yet? Come, throw off pride,
 And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
 S——, who from the moment of his birth 227

Made human nature a reproach on earth,
 Who never dar'd, nor wish'd, behind to stay,
 When Folly, Vice, and Meanness, led the way, 230
 Would blush, should he be told by Truth and Wit
 Those actions which he blush'd not to commit.
 Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
 And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame.

But whether runs my zeal, whose rapid force, 235
 Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course;
 Carries me back to times when poets, bless'd
 With courage, grac'd the science they profess'd;
 When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood
 The bad to punish and reward the good; 240
 When, to a flame by public virtue wrought,
 The foes of freedom they to justice brought,
 And dar'd expose those slaves who dar'd support
 A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court?

Ah! what are poets now? as slavish those 245
 Who deal in verse as those who deal in prose.
 Is there an Author, search the kingdom round,
 In whom true worth and real spirit's found.

The slaves of booksellers, or (doom'd by Fate
To baser chains) vile pensioners of state, 250
Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
Which Honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud;
Others, half-palsy'd only, mutes become, [dumb.
And what makes Smollet write makes Johnson

Why turns you' villain pale? why bends his eye
Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by? 256

Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with vice for virtue's sake?

No, no—like other worldlings, you will find
He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind: 260

His soul the shock of int'rest can't endure:

Give him a pension then, and sin secure.

With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows

Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn; [adorn,

Bid cowards thrive, put Honesty to flight, 265

Murphy should prove, or try to prove it right.

Try, thou state-juggler! ev'ry paltry art,

Ransack the inmost closet of my heart, [way

Swear thou'rt my friend; by that base oath make

Into my breast, and flatter to betray; 270

Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt

Detects the fraud and points the villain out,

Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,

And make them take my life who eat my bread.

On Authors for defence for praise depend, 275

Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend:

He, he shall ready stand with venal rhymes,

To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes,

To make corruption in false colours shine,

And damn his own good name to rescue thine. 280

But if thy piggard hands their gifts with-hold,

And Vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,

Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach:

Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.

What tho' each man of nice and juster thought, 285
Shunning his steps, decrees, by honour taught,
He ne'er can be a friend who stoops so low,
To be the base betrayer of a foe?

What tho' with thine together link'd, his name
Must be with thine transmitted down to shame? 290
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blast thine he'll blast his own.

To ope the fountain whence sedition springs,
To slander government and libel kings;
With Freedom's name to serve a present hour, 295
Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r;
To talk of William with insidious art,
Whilst a vile Stewart's lurking in his heart,
And whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,
Flatt'ring the living to abuse the dead, 300
Where is Shebbeare? O! let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a City-coach,
The pill'ry dare to name: the whole intent
Of that parade was fame, not punishment; 304
And that old, staunch Whig, Beardmore, standing
Can in full court give that report the lie. [by,

With rude unnatural jargon to support,
Half Scotch, half English, a declining court;
To make most glaring contraries unite, 309
And prove beyond dispute that black is white;
To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name;
To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
That to be sav'd must mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call 315
All opposites to proof and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rocks,
He calls forth children from the barren rocks;
He, far beyond the springs of Nature led, 320
Makes women bring forth after they are dead.

He, on a curious, new and happy plan,
 In wedlock's sacred bands joins man to man;
 And, to complete the whole, most strange, but true,
 By some rare magic makes them fruitful too; 324
 Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years,
 Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's English Peers!

Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
 Something which Nature shudders but to name,
 Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
 And the life-blood run backward to her seat? 330
 Dost thou contrive, for some base private end,
 Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,
 To lure him on, ev'n to his parting breath,
 And promise life to work him surer death?
 Grown old in villany, and dead to grace, 335
 Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face,
 Behold! a parson at thy elbow stands,
 Low'ring damnation; and with open hands
 Ripe to betray his Saviour forreward,
 The Atheist chaplain of an Atheist lord. 340

Bred to the church, and for the gown decreed,
 Ere it was known that I should learn to read;
 Tho' that was nothing, for my friends, who knew
 What mighty Dulness of itself could do,
 Never design'd me for a working priest, 345
 But hop'd I should have been a Dean at least;
 Condemn'd (like many more and worthier men,
 To whom I pledge the service of my pen) [lawn;
 Condemn'd (whilst proud and pamper'd sons of
 Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn) 350
 In pomp of ter'end-begg'ry to appear,
 To pray, and harve on forty pounds a-year.
 My friends, who never felt the galling load,
 Lament that I forsook the parkhorse road,
 Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears, 355
 In throwing off that gown which Francis wears:

What creature's that, so very pert and prim,
 So very full of foppery and whim,
 So genale, yet so brisk; so wondrous sweet,
 So fit to prattle at a lady's feet; 366
 Who looks as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
 And by his garb appears a man of God?
 Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;
 The villain lurks beneath the cassock'd beau;
 That's an informer; what avails the name? 365
 Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.

His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
 Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
 No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
 And fear alone restrains his coward mind; 370
 Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
 Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.
 His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,
 His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,
 Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way, 375
 And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.
 Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—
 The preacher is a Christian, dull, but true;
 But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
 That plan of doctrine's never thought of more; 380
 Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,
 And the vile priest is Gospel to himself.

By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
 (Blacow, whom, by a brave resentment led,
 Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame, 385
 Ere this had damn'd to everlasting shame)
 Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes;
 To virtue lost, to vice alone he wakes,
 Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
 And whilst he rails at blasphemy blasphemes. 390
 Are these the arts which policy supplies?
 Are these the steps by which grave churchmen rise?

Forbid it, Heaven! or should it turn out so?
 Let me and mine continue mean and low.
 Such be their arts, whom honest controls;
 Kidgell and I have free and modest souls:
 We scorn preferment which is gain'd by sin,
 And will, tho' poor without, have peace within

THE DUELLIST.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

THE clock struck twelve; o'er half the globe
Darkness had spread her pitchy robe:
Morpheus, his feet with velvet shod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even-tide,
Distill'd his poppies far and wide. 5

Ambition, who, when waking, dreams
Of mighty but fantastic schemes,
Who, when asleep, ne'er knows that rest
With which the humbler soul is blest, 10
Was building castles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair,
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.

Pale Study, by the taper's light, 15
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading, but with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.
Starving 'midst plenty, with a face
Which might the court of Famine grace, 20
Ragged and filthy to behold,
Gray Av'rice nodded o'er his gold.

Jealousy, his quick eye half-clos'd
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd:
And mean Distrust not quite forgot, 25
Slumber'd as if he slumber'd not.

Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
Is hardy offspring sleeping round,

Snord restless Labour; by his side
 Lay Health, a coarse but comely bride. 30
 Virtue, without the doctor's aid,
 In the soft arms of Sleep was laid;
 Whilst Vice, within the guilty breast,
 Could not be physick'd into rest.

Thou bloody Man! whose ruffian knife 35
 Is drawn against thy neighbour's life,
 And never scruples to descend
 Into the bosom of a friend;
 A firm, fast friend, by vice ally'd,
 And to thy secret service ty'd, 40
 In whom ten murders breed no awe,
 If properly secur'd from law:
 Thou man of Lust! whom passion fires
 To foulest deeds, whose hot desires
 O'er honest bars with ease make way, 45
 Whilst idiot Beauty falls a prey,
 And to indulge thy brutal flame
 A Lucrece must be brought to shame;
 Who dost, a brave, bold sinner, bear
 Rank incest to the open air, 50
 And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,
 Enough to weigh a nation down:
 Thou simular of Lust! vain man,
 Whose restless thoughts still form the plan
 Of guilt, which, wither'd to the root, 55
 Thy lifeless nerves can't execute,
 Whilst in thy marrowless dry bones
 Desire without enjoyment groans;
 Thou perjur'd Wretch! whom Falsehood clothes
 Ev'n like a garment, who with oaths 60
 Dost trifle, as with brokers, meant
 To serve thy ev'ry vile intent,
 In the days broad and searching eye
 Making God witness to a lie,

BOOK I. THE DUELLIST.

Blaspheming heaven and earth for self, 73
 And hanging friends to save thyself: 65
 Thou son of Chance! whose glorious soul,
 On the four aces doom'd to roll,
 Was never yet with honour caught;
 Nor on poor virtue lost one thought; 70
 Who dost thy wife, thy children, set,
 Thy all, upon a single bet,
 Risking, the desp'rate stake to try,
 Here and hereafter on a die;
 Who, thy own private fortune lost, 75
 Dost game on at thy country's cost,
 And, grown expert in sharpening rules,
 First fool'd thyself, now prey'st on fools:
 Thou noble Gamester! whose high place
 Gives to much credit to disgrace, 80
 Who, with the motion of a die,
 Dost make a mighty island fly,
 The sums, I mean, of good French gold
 For which a mighty island sold;
 Who dost betray intelligence, 85
 Abuse the dearest confidence,
 And, private fortune to create,
 Most falsely play the game of state;
 Who dost within the Alley sport
 Sums which might beggar a whole court, 90
 And make us bankrupts all, if Care,
 With good Earl Talbot, was not there:
 Thou daring Infidel! whom pride
 And sin have drawn from Reason's side;
 Who fearing his avengeful rod, 95
 Dost wish not to believe a God;
 Whose hope is founded on a plan
 Which should distract the soul of man,
 And make him curse his abject birth;
 Whose hope is, once return'd to earth, 100

There to lie down, for worms a feast,
 To rot and perish like a beast;
 Who dost, of punishment afraid,
 And by thy crimes a coward made,
 To ev'ry gen'rous soul a curse,
 Than hell and all her torments worse,
 When crawling to thy latter end,
 Call on Destruction as a friend,
 Chusing to crumble into dust
 Rather than rise, tho' rise you must: 105
 Thou Hypocrite! who dost profane,
 And take the patriot's name in vain;
 Then most thy country's foe when most
 Of love and loyalty you boast;
 Who for the filthy love of gold 115
 Thy friend, thy king, thy God, hast sold,
 And, mocking the just claim of Hell,
 Were bidders found, thyself wouldst sell.
 Ye Villains! of whatever name,
 Whatever rank, to whom the claim 120
 Of Hell is certain, on whose lids
 That worm which never dies forbids
 Sweet sleep to fall, come; and behold,
 Whilst envy makes your blood run cold,
 Behold, by pitiless Conscience led, 125
 So Justice wills, that holy bed
 Where Peace her full dominion keeps,
 And Innocence with Holland sleeps,
 Bid Terror, posting on the wind,
 Affray the spirits of mankind; 130
 Bid Earthquakes, heaving for a vent,
 Rive their concealing continent,
 And, forcing an untimely birth
 Thro' the vast bowels of the earth,
 Endeavour, in her monstrous womb, 135
 At once all Nature to entomb;

Bid all that's horrible and dire,
 All that man hates and fears, conspire
 To make night hideous as they can;
 Still is thy sleep, thou virtuous Man!
 Pure is the thoughts which in thy breast
 Inhabit, and insure thy rest;
 Still shall thy Ayliff, taught, tho' late,
 Thy friendly justice in his fate,
 Turn'd to a guardian angel, spread
 Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.

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Dark was the night; by Fate decreed
 For the contrivance of a deed
 More black than common, which might make
 This land from her foundations shake,
 Might tear up Freedom from the root,
 Destroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.

150

Deep Horror held her wide domain;
 The sky in sullen drops of rain
 Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
 Which, op'ning, laid its bosom bare,
 Loud thunders roll'd and lightning stream'd;
 The owl at Freedom's window scream'd,
 The screech-owl, prophet dire! whose breath
 Brings sickness, and whose note is death;
 The churchyard teem'd, and from the tomb,
 All sad and silent, thro' the gloom
 The ghosts of men in former times,
 Whose public virtues were their crimes,
 Indignant stalk'd; sorrow and rage
 Blank'd their pale cheeks: in his own age
 The prop of Freedom, Hampden there
 Felt after death the gen'rous care;
 Sidney, by grief, from heav'n was kept,
 And for his brother patriot wept:
 All friends of Liberty, when Fate
 Prepar'd to shorten Wilke's date,

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Heav'd deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan;
And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, Liberty! a glorious word,
In other countries scarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of course,
Without or energy or force:

Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd, the springs,
Far, far beyond the reach of kings;
Fresh blooming from our mother Earth,
With pride and joy she owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breasts her genius burn;
Bids us with all those blessings live
Which Liberty alone can give,
Or nobly with that spirit die
Which makes death more than victory.

Hail those old patriots, on whose tongue
Persuasion in the senate hung,
Whilst they the sacred cause maintain'd!
Hail those old chiefs, to honour train'd,
Who spread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd,
Shall men like these unmention'd sleep
Promiscuous with the common heap,
And (Gratitude forbid the crime!)
Be carry'd down the stream of time
In shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On Lethe's stream, like flags, to rot?
No—they shall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of Fame,
Founded on honour's basis, last
As the round earth to ages last.
Some virtues vanish with our breath;
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himself his fate throws by
Himself lost in eternity,

BOOK I. THE DUELLIST. 77

An everlasting crown shall twine
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join. 210

But should some have-got villain dare
Chains for his country to prepare,
And, by his birth to slav'ry broke,
Make her, too, feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accurst, 215

Amongst bad men be rank'd the worst;
May he be still himself, and still
Go on in vice, and perfect ill;
May his broad crimes each day increase,
Till he can't live nor die in peace; 220

May he be plung'd so deep in shame
That Satan mayn't endure his name,
And hear, scarce crawling on the earth,
His children curse him for their birth;
May Liberty, beyond the grave, 225

Ordain him to be still a slave,
Grant him what here he most requires,
And damn him with his own desires!

But should some villain, in support
And zeal for a despairing court, 230
Placing in craft his confidence,
And making honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepest shame,
Whilst filthy lucre is his aim;

Should such a wretch, with sword or knife 235
Contrive to practise 'gainst the life
Of one who, honour'd thro' the land,
For Freedom made a glorious stand,

Whose chief, perhaps his only, crime
Is, (if plain Truth at such a time 240
May dare her sentiments to tell)
That he his country loves too well:

May he—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to speak—

May he—O for a noble curse
Which might his very marrow pierce!—
The general contempt engage,
And be the Martin of his age.

245

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THE DUELLIST.

B O O K II.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,
Out of the road, a temple stood;
Ancient, and much the worse for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from side to side, 5
Menac'd destruction far and wide,
Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Rising in order, most unsound; 10
Some rotten to the heart, aloof,
Seem to support the tott'ring roof,
But to inspection nearer laid,
Instead of giving, wanted aid.
The structure, rare and curious, made 15
By men most famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was suffer'd into dust to fall,
Or, just to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather, 20
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches whom it were a crime,
A crime which Art would treason hold,
To mention with those names of old.
Builders, who had the pile survey'd, 25
And those not Flitcrofts in their trade,
Doubted (the wise hand in a doubt
Merely sometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like churches in a Brief,
Taught wisely to obtain relief 30

Thro' Chanecry, who gives her fees
 To this and other charities)
 It must not, in all parts unsound,
 Be ripp'd and pull'd down to the ground;
 Whether (tho' after ages ne'er
 shall raise a building to compare). 35

Art, if they should their art employ,
 Meant to preserve, might not destroy,
 As human bodies, worn away,
 Batter'd and hasting to decay, 40
 Bidding the power of Art despair,
 Cannot those very med'cines bear
 Which, and which only, can restore,
 And make them healthy as before.

To Liberty, whose gracious smile 45
 Shed peace and plenty o'er the Isle,
 Our grateful ancestors, her plain
 But faithful children, rais'd this fane.

Full in the front, stretch'd out in length,
 Where Nature put forth all her strength 50
 In spring eternal, lay a plain
 Where our brave fathers us'd to train
 Their sons to arms, to teach the art
 Of war, and steel the infant heart;
 Labour, their hardy nurse, when young, 55
 Their joints had knit, their nerves had strung;
 Abstinence, foe declar'd to death,
 Had, from the time they first drew breath,
 The best of doctors, with plain food
 Kept pure the channel of their blood; 60
 Health in their cheeks bade colour rise,
 And Glory sparkled in their eyes.

The instruments of husbandry,
 As in contempt, were all thrown by,
 And, flattering a manly pride, 65
 War's keener tools their place supply'd.

Their arrows to the head they drew ;
 Swift to the point their jav'lines flew ;
 They grasp'd the sword, they shook the spear ;
 Their fathers felt a pleasing fear, 76
 And even Courage, standing by,
 Scarcely beheld with steady eye.
 Each stripling, lesson'd by his fire,
 Knew when to close, when to retire ;
 When near at hand, when from afar 75
 To fight, and was himself a war.

Their wives, their mothers, all around,
 Careless of order, on the ground,
 Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
 And for a son's or husband's brow, 80
 With eager fingers, laurel wove ;
 Laurel which in the sacred grove,
 Planted by Liberty, they find,
 The brows of conquerors to bind,
 To give them pride and spirits, fit 85
 To make a world in arms submit.

What raptures did the bosom fire
 Of the young, rugged, peasant fire,
 When, from the toil of mimic fight,
 Returning with return of night, 90
 He saw his babe resign the breast,
 And, smiling, stroke those arms in jest,
 With which hereafter he shall make
 The proudest heart in Gallia quake !

Gods ! with what joy, what honest pride, 95
 Did each fond, wishing, rustic bride,
 Behold her manly swain return !
 How did her love-sick bosom burn,
 Tho' on parades he was not bred,
 Nor wore the liv'ry of red, 100
 When, Pleasure height'ning all her charms,
 She strain'd her warrior in her arms,

And begg'd, whilst love and glory fire,
A son, a son just like his sire!

Such were the men in former times,
Ere luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter punishment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign shore;
Such were the men who, free from dread,
By Edwards and by Henries led,
Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains:
Such were the men, when lust of pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the tyrant from those ways
On which a king should found his praises
When stern Oppression, hand in hand
With Pride, stalk'd proudly thro' the land;
When weeping Justice was misled
From her fair course, and Mercy dead:
Such were the men, in virtue strong,
Who dar'd not see their country's wrong,
Who left the mattock and the spade,
And, in the robes of War array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpless babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, swore to see
Those babes no more or see them free:
Such were the men whom tyrant Pride
Could never fasten to his side
By threats or bribes, who, freemen born,
Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with scorn;
Who, free from ev'ry servile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from law,
From that broad, general law which Sense
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependent Nations rise

Could never be to slav'ry led,
For Property was at their head: 140

Such were the men, in days of yore,
Who, call'd by Liberty, before
Her temple on the sacred green,
In martial pastimes oft' were seen—
Now seen no longer—in their stead, 145
To laziness and virmin bred,

A race who, strangers to the cause
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To interest, and slaves for pay. 150

Valour, how glorious on a plan
Of honour sounded! leads their van;
Discretion, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but resolv'd, brings up their rear;
Discretion, Valour's better half; 155
Dependence holds the gen'ral's staff.

In plain and home-spun garb array'd,
Not for vain show, but service, made,
In a green flourishing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an equipage, 160
In rules of Porterage untaught,

Simplicity, not worth a groat,
For years had kept the temple-door;
Full on his breast a glass he wore,
Thro' which his bosom open lay 165

To ev'ry one that pass'd that way:
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face,
But prouder heart, his vacant place
Corruption fills, and bears the key;

No entrance now without a fee... 170

With belly round, and full fat face,
Which on the house reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honest glee,
The steward Hospitality;

Old Welcome smiling by his side,
 A good old servant, often try'd
 And faithful found, who kept in view
 His lady's fame and int'rest too,
 Who made each heart with joy rebound,
 Yet never run her state a-ground,
 Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
 Is more in modern use) resign'd.

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Half-starv'd, half-starving others, bred
 In beggary, with earrrion fed,
 Detested, and detesting all,
 Made up of avarice and gall,
 Boasting great thrift, yet wasting more
 Than ever steward did before,
 Succeeded one who, to engage
 The praise of an exhausted age,
 Assum'd a name of high degree,
 And call'd himself Economy.

185

190

Within the temple, full in sight,
 Where without ceasing, day and night
 The workman toil'd; where Labour bar'd
 His brawny arms; where art prepar'd,
 In regular and even rows,
 Her types, a Printing-press arose;
 Each workman knew his task, and each
 Was honest and expert as Leach.

195

200

Hence Learning struck a deeper root,
 And Science brought forth riper fruit;
 Hence Loyalty receiv'd support,
 Even when banish'd from the court;
 Hence Government gain'd strength, and hence
 Religion fought and found defence;
 Hence England's fairest fame arose,
 And Liberty subdu'd her foes.

205

On a low, simple, turf-made throne,
 Rais'd by Allegiance, scarcely known

210

From her attendants, glad to be
 Pattern of that equality
 She wish'd to all, so far as cou'd
 Safely consist with social good,
 The goddess sat; around her head 215
 A cheerful radiance Glory spread;
 Courage, a youth of royal race,
 Lovelily stern, possess'd a place
 On her left hand, and on her right
 Sat Honour, cloath'd with robes of light; 220
 Before her Magna Charta lay,
 Which some great lawyer, of his day
 The Pratt, was offic'd to explain
 And make the basis of her reign:
 Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breast 225
 Two smiling twin-born infants prest;
 At her feet couching War was laid,
 And with a brindled lion play'd:
 Justice and Mercy hand in hand,
 Joint guardians of the happy land, 230
 Together held their mighty charge,
 And Truth walk'd all about at large:
 Health for the royal troop the feast
 Prepar'd, and Virtue was high priest.
 Such was the fame our goddess bore, 235
 Her temple such in days of yore.
 What changes ruthless Time presents!
 Behold her ruin'd battlements,
 Her walls decay'd, her nodding spires,
 Her altars broke, her dying fires, 240
 Her name despis'd, her priests destroy'd,
 Her friends disgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
 Herself (by ministerial arts
 Depriv'd ev'n of the people's hearts,
 Whilst they, to work her surer woe, 245
 Feign her to monarchy a foe)

Exil'd by grief, self-deom'd to dwell
 With some poor hermit in a cell;
 Or, that retirement tedious grown,
 If she walks forth she walks unknown,
 Hooded and pointed at with scorn.
 As one in some strange country born.

Behold a rude and ruffian race,
 A band of spoilers, seize her place;
 With looks which might the heart disseat,
 And make life sound a quick retreat,
 To rapine from the cradle bred,
 A staunch old blood-hound at their head,
 Who, free from virtue and from awe,
 Knew none but the bad part of law.
 They rovd at large; each on his breast
 Mark'd with a greyhound, stood confest:
 Controlment waited on their nod
 High-wielding Persecution's rod;
 Confusion follow'd at their heels,
 And a cast statesman held the seals;
 Those seals for which he dear shall pay,
 When awful Justice takes her day.

The Printers saw—they saw and feel—
 Science, declining, hung her head;
 Property in despair appear'd,
 And for herself destruction fear'd;
 Whilst, underfoot, the rude flaves trod
 The works of men and Word of God;
 Whilst, close behind, on many a book,
 In which he never deigns to look,
 Which he did not, nay—could not read,
 A bold bad man (by pow'r decreed
 For that bad end, who in the dark
 Scorn'd to do mischief) set his mark
 In the full day, the mark of Hell;
 And on the Gospel stamp'd an L,

BOOK II. THE DUELLIST.**27**

Liberty fled, her friends withdrew;
Her friends, a faithful, chosen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame,
Clothing herself with Honour's name,
Usurp'd his station; on the throne
Which Liberty once call'd her own,
(Gods! that such mighty ills should spring
Under so great, so good, a king,
So lov'd, so loving, thro' the arts
Of statesmen, curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpose fit,
Behold in triumph Statecraft sit.

285**290****294****E 6**

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK III.

AH me! what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a hate
Whether to strengthen or oppose;
False are his friends, and firm his foes;
How must his soul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from sin to sin!
What toils he suffers; what disgrace,
To get, and then to keep, a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Must he in jest or earnest fight,
Risking for those both life and limb
Who would not risk one groat for him!

Under the temple lay a cave,
Made by some guilty coward slave,
Whose actions fear'd rebuke; a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One passage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a cell,
Where Fraud in secret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and slaves about her,
Nor fear'd lest Honesty should rout her.

In a dark corner, shunning fight
Of man, and shrinking from the light,
One dull dim taper thro' the cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible
The face of darkness, she prepares,
Working unseen, all kinds of snares,
With curious but destructive art.
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,

BOOK III. THE DUELLIST.

Gay stars their tinsel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a lord;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
Wave plumes of feathers for the head;
Garters the hag contrives to make,
Which, as it seems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious madmen feel
More firm and sure than chains of steel,
Which, slipp'd just underneath the knee,
Forbid a freeman to be free.

33

40

Purses she knew (did ever curse
Travel more sure than in a purse?)
Which, by some strange and magic bands,
Enslave the soul and tie the hands.

45

Here Flatt'ry, eldest born of Guile,
Weaves with rare skill the filken smile,
The courtly cringe, the supple bow,
The private squeeze, the levee vow,
With which, no strange or recent case,
Fools in, deceive fools out of place.

50

Corruption (who in former times,
Thro' fear or shame conceal'd her crimes,
And what she did contriv'd to do it,
So that the public might not view it)
Presumpt'ous grown, unfit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,
Since in the day her bus'ndss might
Be done as safe as in the night.

55

Her eye down bending to the ground,
Planning some dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger on which stood,
All fresh, and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
By Treason borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,
By which, since they improv'd in trade,
Excisemen have their lanthorns made;

60

65

Assassination, her whole mind,
 Blood-thirsting, on her arm reclin'd;
 Death, grinning, at her elbow stood,
 And held forth instruments of blood,
 Vile instruments, which cowards chuse,
 But men of honour dare not use;
 Around his Lordship and his Grace,
 Both qualify'd for such a place,
 With many a Forbes and many a Dun,
 Each a resolv'd and pious son,
 Wait her high bidding; each prepar'd
 As she around her orders thar'd,
 Proof 'gainst remorse, to run, to fly,
 And bid the destin'd victim die,
 Posting on Villany's black wing,
 Whether he patriot is, or king.
 Oppression willing to appear
 An object of our love, not fear,
 Or, at the most, a rev'rend awe
 To breed, usurp'd the garb of Law.
 A book she held, on which her eyes
 Were deeply fix'd, whence seem'd to rise
 Joy in her breast; a book of might
 Most wonderful, which black to white
 Could turn, and without help of laws,
 Could make the worse the better cause.
 She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd;
 She wish'd, and what she wish'd believ'd,
 To make that book for ever stand
 The rule of wrong thro' all the land;
 On the back, fair and worthy note,
 At large was Magna Charta wrote,
 But turn your eye within, and read,
 A bitter lesson, N——'s Creed.
 Ready, ev'n with a look, to run,
 Fast as the coursers of the sun,

BOOK III. THE DUELLIST

91

To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-starv'd grayhounds took their stand.

195

A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a most ancient castle stood
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
And soldiers on the watch kept guard;

120

In the front, openly, in black
Was wrote, The Tow'r; but on the back,
Mark'd with a Secretary's seal,
In bloody letters, The Bastile.

Around a table, fully bent
On mischief of most black intent,

115

Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer last, to work the bane
Of one firm patriot, whose heart, ty'd
To honour, all their pow'r defy'd,
And brought those actions into light
They wish'd to have conceal'd in night,
Begot, born, bred, to infamy,
A privy council sat of three:

120

Great were their names, of high repute
And favour thro' the land of Bute.

125

The first (entitled to the place
Of honour both by gown and grace,
Who never let occasion slip
To take right hand of fellowship,
And was so proud, that should he meet
The Twelve Apostles in the street,

130

He'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove his Saviour from the wall;
Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride
Still go together side to side)

135

That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a stirrup for the devil;
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount, and ride behind;

Who basely fawn'd thro' all his life,
For patrons first, then for a wife; 140

Wrote Dedications which must make
The heart of ev'ry Christian quake;
Made one man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him, as before
His God he left, and, drawn by pride, 145

Shifted about to t' other side)
Was by his fire a parson made,
Merely to give the boy a trade;
But he himself was thereto drawn
By some faint omens of the lawn, 150

And on the truly Christian plan
To make himself a gentleman,
A title in which Form array'd him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when she made him.

The oaths he took, 'tis very true, 155

But took them, as all wise men do,
With an intent, if things should turn,
Rather to temporize than burn,
Gospel and loyalty were made
To serve the purposes of trade: 160

Religion's are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wise,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, just like a glove:
All gods, all kings, (let his great aim 165
Be answer'd) were to him the same.

A curate first, he read and read,
And laid in whilst he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading such a mighty stock, 170
That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain
With more than she could well contain;
More than she was with spirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to thought,

Book III. THE DUELLIST.

93

And which, like ill-digested food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood. 175

Brought up to London, from the plow
And pulpit how to make a bow
He try'd to learn; he grew polite,
And was the poet's parasite. 180

With wits conversing (and wits then
Were to be found 'mongst noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught, the flame,
And would be nothing, or the same.

He drank with drunkards, liv'd with sinners, 185
Herded with infidels for dinners;

With such an emphasis and grace
Blasphem'd, that Potter kept not pace:
He, in the highest reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdy songs to a psalm tune; 190

Liv'd with men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his salvation for a smile;

To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with man;
Prais'd them, when living, in each breath, 195
And damn'd their memories after death.

To prove his faith, which all admit
Is at least equal to his wit,
And make himself a man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote: 200

So long he wrote, and long, about it,
That ev'n believers 'gan to doubt it:
He wrote, too, of the inward light,
Tho' no one know how he came by't,

And of that influencing grace 205
Which in his life ne'er found a place:

He wrote, too, of the Holy Ghost,
Of whom no more than doth a post
He knew, nor, should an angel show him,
Would he or know or chuse to know him. 210

Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry science
 There was a natural alliance)
 He wrote, t'advance his Maker's praise,
 Comments on rhymes, and notes on plays,
 And with an all-sufficient air
 Plac'd himself in the critic's chair,
 Usurp'd o'er reason full dominion,
 And govern'd merely by opinion.
 At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
 By one plain simple man of law,
 He arm'd dead friends, to vengeance true,
 T' abuse the man they never knew.

235

240

Examine strictly all mankind,
 Most characters are mix'd we find,
 And vice and virtue take their turn
 In the same breast to beat and burn.
 Our priest was an exception here,
 Nor did one spark of grace appear,
 Not one dull dim spark in his soul;
 Vice, glorious Vice! possess'd the whole,
 And, in her service truly warm,
 He was in sin most uniform.

225

230

Injurious Satire! own at least
 One sniv'ling virtue in the priest,
 One sniv'ling virtue, which is plac'd,
 They say, in or about the waist,
 Call'd Chastity; the prudish dame
 Knows it at large by Virtue's name,
 To this his wife (and in these days
 Wives seldom without reason praise)
 Bears evidence—then calls her child,
 And swears that Tom was vastly wild.

235

240

Ripen'd by a long course of years,
 He great and perfect now appears.
 In shape scarce of the human kind,
 A man, without a manly mind;

245

BOOK III. THE DUELLIST.

95

No husband tho' he's truly wed;
 Tho' on his knees a child is bred
~~No~~ father; injur'd, without end
 A foe; and tho' oblig'd no friend; 250
 A heart which virtue ne'er disgrac'd;
 A head where learning runs to waste;
 A gentleman well-bred, if breeding
 Rests in the article of reading;
 A man of this world, for the next 255
 Was ne'er included in his text;
 A judge of genius, tho' confess'd
 With not one spark of genius bless'd;
 Amongst the first of critics plac'd,
 Tho' free from ev'ry taint of taste; 260
 A Christian without faith or works,
 As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks;
 A great divine as lords agree,
 Without the least divinity.
 To crown all, in declining age, 265
 Inflam'd with church and party rage,
 Behold him, full and perfect quite,
 A false saint and true hypocrite.
 Next sat a lawyer, often try'd
 In perilous extremes; when Pride 270
 And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, stood,
 Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood,
 This bold bad man arose to view,
 And gave his hand to help them thro':
 Steel'd 'gainst compassion, as they pass'd 275
 He saw poor Freedom breathe her last;
 He saw her struggle, heard her groan;
 He saw her helpless and alone,
 Whelm'd in that storm which, fear'd and prais'd
 By slaves less bold, himself had rais'd. 280
 Bred to the law, he from the first
 Of all bad lawyers was the worst.

Perfection (for bad men maintain
 In ill we may perfection gain)
 In others is a work of time, 285
 And they creep on from crime to crime ;
 He, for a prodigy design'd
 To spread amazement o'er mankind,
 Started full ripen'd all at once
 A perfect knave and perfect dunce. 290
 Who will for him may boast of sense,
 His better guard is impudence ;
 His front, with ten fold plates of brass
 Secur'd, Shame never yet could pass,
 Nor on the surface of his skin 295
 Blush for that guilt which dwelt within.
 How often, in contempt of laws,
 To sound the bottom of a cause,
 To search out ev'ry rotten part,
 And worm into its very heart, 300
 Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence,
 And undertaken the defence
 Of trusting fools, whom in the end
 He meant to ruin, not defend ?
 How often, ev'n in open court, 305
 Hath the wretch made his shame his sport,
 And laugh'd off, with a villain's ease,
 Throwing up briefs and keeping fees ?
 Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
 Had struck a little villain dead. 310
 Causes, whatever their import,
 He undertakes to serve a court ;
 For he by heart this rule had got,
 Pow'r can effect what law cannot.
 Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears ; 315
 If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,
 His weak soul sickens at the sight,
 And strives to plunge them down in night.

So loud he talks, so very loud,
He is an angel with the croud,
Whilst he makes Justice hang her head,
And judges turn from pale to red. 320

Bid all that Nature, on a plan,
Most intimate, makes dear to man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties 325
Binds good and bad, the fool and wise,
Knock at his heart; they knock in vain;
No entrance there such suitors gain:
Bid kneeling kings forsake the throne,
Bid at his feet his country groan;
Bid Liberty stretch out her hands, 330
Religion plead her stronger bands;
Bid parents, children, wife, and friends,
If they come thwart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call, 335
And bravely tramples on them all.

Who will, for him, may cant and whine,
And let weak Conscience with her line
Chalk out their ways; such starving rules
Are only fit for coward fools; 340
Fellows who credit what priests tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of hell;
His spirit dares contend with Grace,
And meets Damnation face to face.

Such was our lawyer; by his side 345
In all bad qualities ally'd,
In all bad counsels, set a third,
By birth a lord; O sacred word!
O word most sacred! whence men get
A privilege to run in debt; 350
Whence they at large exemption claim
From Satire, and her servant Shame;
Whence they, depriv'd of all her force,
Forbid bold Truth to hold her course.

Consult his person, dress, and air, 355
 He seems, which strangers well might swear,
 The master, or, by courtesy,
 The captain of a colliery.

Look at his visage, and agree
 Half-hang'd he seems, just from the tree 360
 Escap'd ; a rope may sometimes break,
 Or men be cut down by mistake.

He hath not virtue (in the school
 Of Vice bread up) to live by rule,
 Nor hath he sense (which none can doubt 365
 Who know the man) to live without.

His life is a continued scene
 Of all that's infamous and mean ;
 He knows not change, unless grown nice
 And delicate, from vice to vice ; 370

Nature design'd him, in a rage,
 To be the Wharton of his age,
 But having giv'n all the sin,
 Forgot to put the virtues in.

To run a horse, to make a match, 375
 To revel deep, to roar a catch ;

To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
 To sweat a woman of the Town ;
 By fits to keep the peace, or break it,
 In turn to give a pox, or take it ; 380

He is, in faith, most excellent,
 And, in the word's most full intent,
 A true Choice Spirit we admit ;
 With wits a fool, with fools a wit.

Hear him but talk, and you would swear 385
 Obscenity herself was there ;

And that Profaneness had made choice,
 By way of trump, to use his voice ;
 That in all mean and low things great,
 He had been bred at Billingsgate ; 390

And that, ascending to the earth
 Before the season of his birth,
 Blasphemy, making way and room,
 Had mark'd him in his mother's womb :
 Too honest (for the worst of men
 In forms are honest now and then)
 Not to have, in the usual way,
 His bills sent in ; too great to pay :
 Too proud to speak to, if he meets
 The honest tradesman whom he cheats :
 Too infamous to have a friend ;
 Too bad for bad men to commend,
 Or good to name ; beneath whose weight
 Earth groans ; who hath been spar'd by Fate
 Only to shew, on mercy's plan,
 How far and long God bears with man.

395

400

405

Such were the three who, mocking sleep,
 At midnight sat, in counsel deep,
 Plotting destruction 'gainst a head
 Whose wisdom could not be misled ;
 Plotting destruction 'gainst a heart
 Which ne'er from honour would depart.

410

“ Is he not rank'd amongst our foes ?
 “ Hath not his spirit dar'd oppose
 “ Our dearest measures, made our name
 “ Stand forward on the roll of shame ?
 “ Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
 “ By scorning menaces and bribes,
 “ And proving that his darling cause
 “ Is of their liberties and laws.
 “ To stand the champion ? In a word,
 “ Nor need one argument be heard
 “ Beyond this to awake our zeal,
 “ To quicken our resolves, and steel
 “ Our steady souls to bloody bent,
 “ (Sure ruin to each dear intent

415

420

425

- " Each flatt'ring hope) he, without fear,
 " Hath dar'd to make the truth appear."
 They said, and, by resentment taught,
 Each on revenge employ'd his thought; 430
 Each, bent on mischief, rack'd his brain
 To her full stretch, but rack'd in vain:
 Scheme after scheme they brought to view;
 All were examin'd; none would do:
 When Fraud, with pleasure in her face, 435
 Forth issu'd from her hiding-place,
 And at the table where they meet,
 First having blest them, took her seat,
 " No trifling cause my darling Boys!
 " Your present thoughts and cares employs; 440
 " No common snare, no random blow,
 " Can work the bane of such a foe,
 " By Nature cautious as he's brave,
 " To honour only he's a slave;
 " In that weak part without defence, 445
 " We must to honour make pretence;
 " That lure shall to his ruin draw
 " The wretch who stands secure in law;
 " Nor think that I have idly plann'd
 " This full-ripe scheme; behold at hand, 450
 " With three months training on his head,
 " An instrument whom I have bred,
 " Born of these bowels, far from sight
 " Of virtue's false but glaring light,
 " My youngest born, my dearest joy, 455
 " Most like myself, my darling boy:
 " He, never, touch'd with vile remorse,
 " Resolv'd and crafty in his course,
 " Shall work our ends, complete our schemes,
 " Most mine when most he Honour's seems; 460
 " Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
 " So firm and full a slave of Fraud."

She said, and from each envious son
 A discontented murmur run
 Around the table; all in place 465
 Thought his full praise their own disgrace,
 Wond'ring what stranger she had got,
 Who had one vice that they had not;
 When straight the portals open flew,
 And, clad in armour, to their view 470
 M——, the Duellist, came forth;
 All knew, and all confess'd his worth;
 All justify'd, with smiles array'd,
 The happy choice their dam had made. 474

G O T H A M.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

FAR off (no matter whether east or west,
 A real country, or one made in jest,
 Not yet by modern Mandevilles disgrac'd,
 Nor by map-jobbers wretchedly misplac'd)
 There lies an island, neither great nor small,
 Which for distinction sake, I Gotham call.
 The man who finds an unknown country out,
 By giving it a name acquires, no doubt,
 A Gospel title, tho' the people there
 The pious Christian thinks not worth his care; 10
 Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
 The claim of Europe to the Western world.

Cast by a tempest on the savage coast,
 Some roving buccaneer set up a post;
 A beam, in proper form transversely laid, 15
 Of his Redeemer's cross the figure made,
 Of that Redeemer, with whose laws his life,
 From first to last, had been one scene of strife;
 His royal master's name thereon engrav'd,
 Without more process the whole race enslav'd, 20
 Cut off that charter they from Nature drew,
 And made them slaves to men they never knew.

Search ancient histories, consult records,
 Under this title the most Christian lords [ball;
 Hold (thanks to conscience) more than half the
 O'erthrow this title, they have none at all; 26
 For never yet might any monarch dare,
 Who liv'd to truth, and breath'd a Christian air,
 Pretend that Christ, (who came, we all agree,
 To bless his people, and to set them free) 30
 To make a convert ever one law gave
 By which converters made him first a slave.

Spite of the glosses of a canting priest,
 Who talks of charity but means a feast,
 Who recommends it (whilst he seems to feel, 35
 The holy glowings of a real zeal)
 To all his hearers, as a deed of worth, [earth,
 To give them heav'n whom they have robb'd of
 Never shall one, one truly honest man,
 Who bless'd with Liberty, reveres her plan, 40
 Allow one moment that a savage fire
 Could from his wretched race, for childish hire,
 By a wild grant, their all, their freedom pass,
 And sell his country for a bit of glass. [France,
 Or grant this barb'rous right, let Spain and
 In slavery bred, as purchasers advance; 46
 Let them, whilst conscience is at distance hurl'd,
 With some gay bauble buy a golden world:
 An Englishman, in charter'd freedom born,
 Shall spurn the slavish merchandise, shall scorn 50
 To take from others, thro' base private views,
 What he himself would rather die than lose.

Happy the savage of those early times, [crimes!
 Ere Europe's sons were known, and Europe's
 Gold, curst gold! slept in the womb of earth, 55
 Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth;
 In full content he found the truest wealth,
 In toil he found diversion, food, and health;
 Stranger to ease and luxury of courts,
 His sports were labours, and his labours sports; 60
 His youth was hardy, and his old age green;
 Life's morn was vigorous, and her eve serene;
 No rules he held but what were made for use,
 No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce;
 False lights he follow'd, but believed them true; 65
 He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.

Happy, thrice happy, now, the savage race,
 Since Europe took their gold, and gave them grace?

Pastors she sends to help them in their need, 69
Some who can't write, with others who can't read;
And on sure grounds the Gospel pile to rear,
Sends missionary felons ev'ry year;
Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes their's :
Her rank oppressions give them cause to rise, 75
Her want of prudence means and arms supplies,
Whilst her brave rage, not satisfy'd with life,
Rising in blood, adopts the scalping-knife :
Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know
How abject is their state, how deep their woe : 80
The worth of freedom strongly she explains, [chains :
Whilst she bows down and loads their necks with
Faith, too, she plants, for her own ends impress,
To make them bear the worst and hope the best ;
And whilst she teaches, on vile int'rest's plan, 85
As laws of God the wild decrees of man,
Like Pharisees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
She makes them ten times more the sons of Hell.

But wither do these grave reflections tend ?
Are they design'd for any or no end ? 90
Briefly but this—to prove, that by no act
Which Nature made, that by no equal pact
'Twixt man and man, which might, if Justice heard,
Stand good ; that by no benefits conferr'd,
Or purchase made, Europe in chains can hold 95
The sons of India and her mines of gold.
Chance led her there in an accursed hour ;
She saw, and made the country her's by pow'r ;
Nor drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,
Shall my rash folly controvert the claim, 100
Or wish in thought that title overthrown
Which coincides with and involves my own.

Europe discover'd India first ; I found
My right to Gotham on the self-same ground ;

I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea 105

To her be granted and deny'd to me

I plead possession, and, till one more bold

Shall drive me out, will that possession hold.

With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine ;

Her's be the Western world, be Gotham mine. 110

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;

Left up your voice on high, a mighty voice ;

The voice of gladness ; and on ev'ry tongue,

In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,

The praises of so great and good a king ; 115

Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

As on a day, a high and holy day,

Let ev'ry instrument of music play,

Ancient and modern ; those which drew their birth

(Punctilio's laid aside) from Pagan earth, 120

As well as those by Christian made and Jew,

Those known to many, and those known to few ;

Those which in whim and frolic lightly float,

And those which swell the slow and solemn note ;

Those which (whilst Reason stands in wonder by) 125

Make some complexions laugh and others cry ;

Those which, by some strange faculty of sound,

Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground ;

Those which can tear up forests by the roots, [brutes ;

And make brutes dance like men, and men like

Those which, whilst Ridicule leads up the dance, 131

Make clowns of Monmouth, ape the fops of France ;

Those which, where Lady Dulness with Lord May's

Presides, disdain light and trifling airs,

Hallow the feast with psalmody, and those 135

Which, planted in our churches to dispose

And lift the mind to Heaven, are disgrac'd

With what a foppish organist calls Taste :

All from the fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,

The pert son of dull fire, discharg'd from school, 140

Serves an apprenticeship in college ease,
 And rises thro' the gamut to degrees)
 To those which (tho' less common, not less sweet),
 From fam'd Saint Gile's, and more fam'd Vine-street,
 (Where heav'n, the utmost wish of Man to grant,
 Gave me an old house, and an older aunt) 146
 Thornton, whilst Humour pointed out the road
 To her arch-cub, hath hitch'd into an ode;
 All instruments, (attend ye list'ning Spheres,
 Attend ye sons of men, and hear with ears) 150
 All instruments, (nor shall they seek one hand
 Impress'd from modern Music's coxcomb band)
 All instruments, self-acted, at my name
 Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
 Loud but yet sweet, to the according globe, 155
 My praises, whilst gay Nature, in a robe,
 A coxcomb doctor's robe, to the full sound
 Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances round,
 Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice, 160
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a king;
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
 Infancy, straining backward from the breast, 165
 Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth best
 Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while
 The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,
 And the fond father sits on t' other side, 169
 Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with pride,
 Shall murmur forth my name, whilst at his hand
 Nurse stands interpreter thro' Gotham's land.

Childhood, who like an April morn, appears
 Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
 Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm,
 In reason weak; who wrought into a storm,

Like to the fretful billows of the deep, . . .
Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep;
Who, with a feverish appetite oppress'd,
For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd, 180
His trembling lash suspended in the air,
Half-bent, and stroking back his long lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down to prate of me.

Youth, who, fierce, tickle, insolent and vain, 185
Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet with a cast
Of dear regard looks back on Childhood past,
In the mid-chase, when the hot blood runs high,
And the quick spirits mount into his eye; 190
When pleasure, which he deems his greatest wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health;
When the chaf'd steed tugs proudly at the rein,
And ere he starts hath run o'er half the plain;
When, wing'd with fear, the stag flies full in view,
And in full cry the eager hounds pursue, 196
Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,
And ev'n the huntsmen stop to cry Amen.

Manhood, of form erect. who would not bow
Tho' worlds should crack around him; on his brow
Wisdom serene, to passion giving law, 201
Bespeaking love, and yet commanding awe;
Dignity into grace by mildness wrought;
Courage attemper'd and refin'd by thought;
Virtue supreme enthron'd, within his breast 205
The image of his Maker deep imprest;
Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,
With reason blest'd, and only less than God;
Manhood, tho' weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
Tho' Honour calls in Danger's form array'd, 210
Tho' cloath'd with sackcloth, Justice in the gates,
By wicked elders chain'd, Redemption waits.

Manhood shall steal an hour, a little hour,
(Is't not a little one?) to hail my pow'r.

Old Age, a second child, by Nature curst 215
With more and greater evils than the first:

Weak, sickly, full of pains, in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,
From day to day, without one day to spare; 220

Without enjoyment covetous of self,
Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself;
His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd.

Ev'n with the acting on his shatter'd brain; 225
Tho' the false registers of youth remain;

From morn to ev'ning babbling forth vain praise
Of those rare men who liv'd in those rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young,
Dull repetitions salt'ring on his tongue; 230

Praising gray hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,
Ev'n whilst he curses Time which made him gray;

Scorning at youth, ev'n whilst he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth restor'd,

Shall for a moment, from himself set free, 235

Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praise to me.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice:
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung, 240

The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Things without life shall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.

The snow-drop, who in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the herald of fair Flora's train: 246

The coxcomb crocus, flow'r of simple note,
Who by her side struts in a herald's coat;

The tulip, idly glaring to the view, 249
Who, tho' no clown, his birth from Holland drew;
Who, once full dress'd, fears from his place to stir,
The fop of flow'rs, the More of a parterre;
The woodbine, who her clm in marriage meets,
And brings her dow'ry in surrounding sweets;
The lily, silver mistress of the vale, 253
The rose of Sharon, which perfumes the gale;
The jessamine, with which the queen of flow'rs
To charm her god adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
Which brides, by the plain hand of Neatness dress'd,
Unenvy'd rival, wear upon their breast, 260
Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waist;
All flow'rs of various names and various forms,
Which the sun into strength and beauty warms, 264
From the dwarf daisy, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it springs,
To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name; 270
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue, 275
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Forming a gloom thro' which, to spleen-struck
Religion, horror stamp'd, a passage finds, [minds,
The ivy crawling o'er the hallow'd cell 281
Where some old hermit's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night; the myrtle ever green,
Beneath whose shade Love holds his rites unseen;

The willow, weeping o'er the fatal wave 285
 Where many a lover finds a watry grave;
 The cypress, sacred held when lovers mourn
 Their true love snatch'd away; the laurel worn
 By poets in old time, but destin'd now,
 In grief, to wither on a Whitehead's brow; 290
 The fig, which, large as what in India grows,
 Itself a grove, gave our first parents clothes;
 The vine, which, like a blushing new-made bride,
 Clust'ring, empurples all the mountain's side;
 The yew, which, in the place of sculptur'd stone,
 Marks out the resting-place of men unknown;
 The hedge-row elm, the pine, of mountain rare;
 The fir, the Scotch fir, never out of place;
 The cedar, whose top mates the highest cloud,
 Whilst his old father Lebanon grows proud 300
 Of such a child, and his vast body laid
 Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade;
 The oak, when living, monarch of the wood;
 The English oak, which, dead, commands the flood;
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join, 305
 And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung, 310
 The praises of so great and good a king;
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The show'rs, which make the young hills, like
 young lambs,
 Bound and rebound; the old hills, like old rams,
 Unwieldy, jump for joy; the streams, which glide,
 Whilst Plenty marches smiling by their side,
 And from their bosom rising Commerce springs,
 The winds, which rise with healing on their wings,
 Before whose cleansing breath Contagion flies;
 The sun, who, travelling in eastern skies, 320

Fresh, full of strength, just risen from his bed,
Tho' in Jove's pastures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip can scarce make his steeds stir;
Step by step, up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of eve, panting for rest, 325
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the west.
As fast as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's sin,
Drove for a crown, or postboys for an inn;
The moon, who holds o'er night her silver reign,
Regent of tides, and mistress of the brain, 330
Who to her sons, those sons who own her pow'r,
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses
Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their senses;
The stars, who, by I know not what strange right,
Preside o'er mortals in their own despite,
Who, without reason, govern those who most
(How truly judge from thence!) of reason boast,
And, by some mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide yet cannot guide their own; 340
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue, 345
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
The moment, minute, hour, day, week, month,
Morning and eve as they in turn appear; [year, 350
Moments and minutes, which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or if omitted, (proof we might afford)
Worthy by parliaments to be restor'd; 354
The Hours, which, dress'd by turns in black and
white,
Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on Day and Night;

The Day, those hours, I mean, when light presides,
 And Bus'ness in a cart with Prudence rides;
 The Night, those hours, I mean, with darkness hung,
 When Sense speaks free, and Folly holds her tongue;
 The morn, when Nature, rousing from her strife 364
 With death-like sleep, awakes to second life;
 The eve, when, as unequal to the task,
 She mercy from her foe descends to ask;
 The week, in which six days are kindly given 365
 To think of earth, and one to think of heav'n;
 The months, twelve sisters, all of diff'rent hue,
 Tho' there appears in all a likeness too;
 Not such a likeness as, thro' Hayman's works,
 Dull Mannerist! in Christians, Jews, and Turks,
 Cloys with a sameness in each female face, 374
 But a strange something born of Art and Grace,
 Which speaks them all, to vary and adorn,
 At diff'rent times of the same parents born;
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join, 375
 And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness; and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung, 380
 The praises of so great and good a king;
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Frore January, leader of the year,
 Mine'd-pies in van and calves heads in the rear;
 Dull February, in whose leaden reign 385
 My mother bore a bard without a brain; [cheeks,
 March, various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd
 By wilder Welshmen led, and crown'd with leeks;
 April with fools, and May with bastards blest;
 June with White Roses on her rebel breast; 390
 July, to whom, the Dog-star in her train,
 Saint James gives oysters, and Saint Swithin rain;

August, who, banish'd from her Smithfield stand,
 To Chelsea flies, with Dogget in her hand ;
 September, when by custom (right divine) 395
 Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine,
 Whilst the priest, not so full of grace as wit,
 Falls to unblest'd, nor gives the saint a bit ;
 October, who the cause of freedom join'd,
 And gave a second George to bless mankind ; 400
 November, who at once to grace our earth,
 Saint Andrew boasts, and our Augusta's birth ;
 December, last of months, but best, who gave
 A Christ to man, a Saviour to the slave,
 Whilst, falsely grateful, man, at the full feast, 405
 To do God honour makes himself a beast ;
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
 And dumb to others praise be loud in mine.
 Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice, 410
 The voice of gladness ; and on every tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a king ;
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing !
 The seasons as they roll ; Spring, by her side 415
 Lech'ry and Lent, lay-folly and church-pride,
 By a rank monk to copulation led,
 A tub of tainted salt-fish on her head :
 Summer, in light transparent gauze array'd,
 Like maids of honour at a masquerade, 420
 In bawdry gauze, for which our daughters leave
 The fig, more modest, first brought up by Eve,
 Panting for breath, inflam'd with lustful fires,
 Yet wanting strength to perfect her desires,
 Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat, 425
 Stops at each step, and slumbers on his feet :
 Autumn, when Nature, who with sorrow feels
 Her dread foe winter treading on her heels, ..

Makes up in value what she wants in length,
 Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her strength,
 Bids corn and fruits in full perfection rise, 431
 Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without excise :

Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
 By robes of fur, since furs became our own ;
 A hag who, loathing all, by all is loath'd, 435
 With weekly, daily, hourly, libels cleath'd,
 Vile Faction at her heels, who, mighty grown,
 Would rule all ruler, and foreclose the throne,
 Would turn the state affairs into a trade,
 Make laws one day, the next to be unmade, 440
 Beggar at home a people fear'd abroad,
 And, force defeated, make them slaves by fraud ;
 All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
 And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice ; 445
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness ; and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a king ; 449
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing!

The year, grand circle! in whose ample round
 The seasons regular and fix'd are bound,
 (Who in his course repeated o'er and o'er,
 Sees the same things which he had seen before;
 The same stars keep their watch, and the same sun
 Runs in the track where he from first hath run, 456
 The same moon rules the night; tides ebb and
 Man is a puppet and this world a show ; [flow,
 Their old dull follies old dull fools pursue,
 And vice in nothing but in mode is new ; 460
 He — a lord (now far befall that pride,
 He liv'd a villain, but a lord he dy'd)
 Dashwood is pious, Berkely fix'd as Fate,
 Sandwich (thank Heav'n!) first Minister of State,

And tho' by fools despis'd, by saints unblest'd, 465
 By friends neglected, and by foes oppress'd,
 Scorning the servile arts of each court elf,
 Founded on honour, Wilkes is still himself)
 The year, encircled with the various train
 Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign, 470
 Shall, taking up this theme in chorus join,
 And dumb to others' praise be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness ; and on ev'ry tongue, 475
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a king ;
 Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

Thus far in sport—nor let our critics hence,
 Who sell out Monthly trash, and call it Sense, 480
 Too lightly of our present labours deem,
 Or judge at random of so high a theme ;
 High is our theme, and worthy are the men
 To feel the sharpest stroke of Satire's pen ;
 But when kind Time a proper season brings, 485
 In serious mood to treat of serious things,
 Then shall they find, disdaining idle play,
 That I can be as grave and dull as they.

Thus far in sport—nor let half patriots, those
 Who shrink from ev'ry blast of Pow'r which blows,
 Who, with tame Cowardice familiar grown, 491
 Would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their own ;
 Who, lest bold truths, (to do sage Prudence spite,
 Should burst the portals of their lips by night,
 Tremble to trust themselves one hour in sleep) 495
 Condemn our course, and hold our caution cheap ;
 When brave Occasion bids, for some great end
 When Honour calls the poet as a friend,
 Then shall they find that, ev'n on danger's brink,
 He dares to speak what they scarce dare to think. 500

G O T H A M.

B O O K II,

HOW much mistaken are the men who think
 That all who will without restraint may drink;
 May largely drink, ev'n till their bowels burst,
 Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,
 At the pure waters of the living well, 5
 Beside whose streams the Muses love to dwell!
 Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,
 A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
 May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,
 Make it but jingle, music comes of course. 10

Little do such men know the toil, the pains,
 The daily, nightly, racking of the brains,
 To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,
 To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest;
 To know the times when Humour on the cheek 15
 Of Mirth may hold her sports; when Wit should
 And when be silent; when to use the pow'rs [speak,
 Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
 So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
 Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air; 20
 To form, (which few can do, and scarcely one,
 One critic in an age, can find when done)
 To form a plan, to strike a grand outline,
 To fill it up, and make the picture shine
 A full and perfect piece; to make coy Rhyme 25
 Renounce her follies, and with Sense keep time;
 To make proud Sense against her nature bend,
 And wear the chains of Rhyme, yet call her Friend,
 Some fops there are, among the scribbling tribe,
 Who make it all their bus'ness to describe, 30
 No matter whether in or out of place;
 Studious of finery, and fond of lace,

Alike they trim, as coxcomb Fancy brings,
The rags of beggars and the robes of kings.
Let dull Propriety in state preside 35
O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide ;
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of those tame drudges, Judgment, Taste, and Sense;
Nor would forgive herself the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with Person, Place, and Time. 40

Let liquid gold emblaze the sun at noon,
With borrow'd beams let silver pale the moon ;
Let surges hoarse lash the resounding shore,
Let streams meander, and let torrents roar ;
Let them breed up the melancholy breeze 45
To sigh with sighing, sob with sobbing trees ;
Let vales embroid'ry wear ; let flow'rs be ting'd
With various tints ; let clouds be lac'd or fring'd,
They have their wish ; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they sigh for toys ; 50
Give them the crown, the sceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe:

Others there are who, in one solemn pace,
With as much zeal as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful ornament, depend 55
On sense to bring them to their journey's end :
They would not (Heav'n forbid !) their course delay,
Nor for a moment step out of the way,
To make the barren road those graces wear 59
Which Nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.

Vain Men ! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan,
Ne'er find a passage to the heart of man ;
Who, bred 'mongst fogs in academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not understand ;
Who, destitute of humour, wit, and taste, 65
Let all their little knowledge run to waste,
And frustrate each good purpose, whilst they wear
The robes of Learning with a sloven's air.

Tho' solid reas'ning arms each sterling line,
 Tho' Truth declares aloud, "This work is mine,"
 Vice, whilst from page to page dull morals creep, 74
 Throws by the book, and Virtue falls asleep.

Sense, mere dull, formal, Sense, in this gay Town,
 Must have some vehicle to pass her down;
 Nor can she for an hour insure her reign, 75
 Unless she brings fair Pleasure in her train.
 Let her from day to day, from year to year,
 In all her grave solemnities appear,
 And, with the voice of trumpets thro' the streets
 Deal lectures out to ev'ry one she meets; 80
 Half who pass by are deaf, and t'other half
 Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit then, ye graver sons of letter'd Pride!
 Taking for once Experience as a guide;
 Quit this grand error, this dull college mode; 85
 Be your pursuits the same, but change the road;
 Write, or at least appear to write, with ease,
 And if you mean to profit learn to please.

In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,
 Because they wield the pen in Virtue's name: 90
 Thrice sacred in that name, thrice blest'd the man
 Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a plan!
 This, in himself, himself of course must bless,
 But cannot with the world promote success.
 He may be strong, but, with effect to speak, 95
 Should recollect his readers may be weak:
 Plain rigid truths, which saints with comfort bear,
 Will make the sinner tremble and despair.
 True Virtue acts from love, and the great end
 At which she nobly aims is to amend: 100
 How then do those mistake who arm her laws
 With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause
 They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage
 They make that goddess, whom they'd have engage

Our dearest love, in hideous terror rise!
Such may be honest, but they can't be wise. 105

In her own full and perfect blaze of light
Virtue breaks forth too strong for human fight;
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,
Shuts herself up in darkness for defence: 110

But to make strong conviction deeper sink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtless think,
Like God made man, she lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye:

In earnest most when most she seems in jest, 115
She worms into, and winds around, the breast;

To conquer vice, of vice appears the friend,
And seems unlike herself to gain her end.

The sons of Sin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To hush the painful memory, and keep 121

The tyrant Conscience in delusive sleep,
Read on at random, nor suspect the dart

Until they find it rooted in their heart.

'Gainst vice they give their vote, nor know at first
That, cursing that, themselves too they have curst;

They see not till they fall into the snares,
Deluded into virtue unawares.

Thus the shrewd doctor, in the spleen-struck mind,
When pregnant horror sits and broods o'er wind,

Discarding drugs, and striving how to please, 131
Lures on insensibly, by slow degrees,

The patient to those manly sports which bind
The slacken'd sinews, and relieve the mind;

The patient feels a change as wrought by stealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health. 136

Some few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rhymes
In other lands, and here, in other times,

Whom, waiting at their birth, the midwife Muse
Sprinkled all over with Castalian dews, 140

To whom true Genius gave his magic pen,
 Whom Art by just degrees led up to men; [tween
 Some few, extremes well shunn'd, have steer'd be-
 These dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mien
 Sense in their works maintains her proper state, 145
 But never sleeps, or labours with her weight;
 Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,
 But never dares from Sense to run astray:
 So nice the master's touch, so great his care,
 The colours boldly glow, not idly glare; 150
 Mutually giving and receiving aid,
 They set each other off like light and shade,
 And, as by stealth, with so much softness blend,
 'Tis hard to say where they begin or end:
 Both give us charms, and neither gives offence; 155
 Sense perfects grace, and grace enlivens sense.

Peace to the men who these high honours claim;
 Health to their souls, and to their mem'ries fame:
 Be it my task, and no mean task, to teach
 A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach: 160
 Let me at distance, with a steady eye,
 Observe and mark their passage to the sky;
 From envy free, applaud such rising worth, [earth.
 And praise their heav'n tho' pinion'd down to
 Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time, 165
 Whilst spirits flow, and life is in her prime,
 Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design
 A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
 Highly to finish, and make ev'ry grace,
 In itself charming, take new charms from place. 170
 Nothing of books, and little known of men,
 When the mad fit comes on I seize the pen,
 Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
 Rough as they run, discharge them on the Town;
 Hence rude unfinish'd brats, before their time, 175
 Are born into this idle world of Rhyme,

And the poor flattern Muse is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.

Some, as no life appears, no pulses play
Thro' the dull dubious mass, no breath makes way,
Doubt, greatly doubt, till for a glass they call, 181
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all;
Others on other grounds objections frame,
And, granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt, as the sex might well a midwife pose, 185
Whether they should baptize it Verse or Prose.

Ev'n what my masters please; bards, mild, meek
In love to critics stumble now and then. [men,
Something I do myself, and something too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do. 190
In the small compass of my careless page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
I twenty feed where Mason can feed one.

When Satire stoops, unmindful of her state, 195
To praise the man I love, curse him I hate;
When sense, in tides of passion borne along,
Sinking to prose, degrades the name of song:
The censor smiles, and, whilst my credit bleeds,
With as high relish on the carrion feeds 200
As the proud Earl fed at a turtle feast,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worse than beast,
Ate till his bowels gush'd upon the floor,
Yet still ate on, and dying call'd for more.

When loose Digression, like a colt unbroke, 205
Spurning Connexion and her formal yoke,
Bounds thro' the forest, wanders far astray
From the known path, and loves to lose her way,
'Tis a full feast to all the mongrel pack
To run the rambler down and bring her back. 210

When gay Description, Fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleasure wild.

Waking with Nature at the morning hour
 To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r
 Which largely drank all night of heav'n's fresh dew,
 And, like a mountain nymph of Dian's crew, 216
 So lightly walks she not one mark imprints,
 Nor brushes off the dews nor soils the tints;
 When thus Description sports, even at the time
 That drums should beat and cannons roar in rhyme.
 Critics can live on such a fault as that 221
 From one mouth to the other, and grow fat.

Ye mighty Monthly Judges! in a dearth
 Of letter'd blockheads, conscious of the worth
 Of my materials, which against your will 225
 Oft' you've confess'd, and shall confess it still;
 Materials rich, tho' rude, inflam'd with thought,
 Tho' more by fancy than by judgment wrought;
 Take, use them as your own, a work begin, 230
 Which suit your genius well, and weave them in,
 Fram'd for the critic loom with critic art,
 Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
 Colour with colour mingling, light with shade,
 To your dull taste a formal work is made, 234
 And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
 Swear it surpasses Rome and rivals Greece.

Nor think this much, for at one single word,
 Soon as the mighty critic Fiat's heard,
 Science attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
 Order takes place, and Genius is dethron'd! 240
 Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
 At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.

Me higher bus'ness calls, a greater plan,
 Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man,
 The good of man committed to my charge; 245
 If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,
 Careless of such a trust, these harmless lays
 May Friendship envy, and may Folly praise;

The crown of Gotham may some Scot assume, 249
And vagrant Stewarts reign in Churchill's room.

O my poor People! O thou wretched Earth!
To whose dear love, tho' not engaged by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my service deeply sworn,
How, (by thy father can that thought be borne,
For monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only fathers in the best degree) 256

How must thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to scorn, thy mighty hand
Be shorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confess'd,
Bless'd in thyself, to make thy neighbours bless'd,
Be robb'd of vigour! how must Freedom's pile,
The boast of ages, which adorn the Isle,
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, secure from force and fraud;
How must that pile, by ancient Wisdom rais'd 265
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one short moment into ruins fall,
Should any slip of Stewart's tyrant race,
Or bastard or legitimate, disgrace 270

Thy royal seat of empire! but what care,
What sorrow, must be mine, what deep despair
And self-reproaches, should that hated line
Admittance gain thro' any fault of mine! 274
Curs'd be the cause whence Gotham's evils spring,
Tho' that curs'd cause be found in Gotham's king.

Let War, with all his needy ruffian band,
In pomp of Horror stalk thro' Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood let all her stately tow'rs
Sink in the dust; that court which now is ours 280
Become a den, where beasts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man;
Where yellow harvests rise be brambles found;
Where vines now creep let thistles curse the ground;

Dry in her thousand vallies be the rills; 285
 Barren the cattle on her thousand hills;
 Where Pow'r is plac'd let tigers prowl for prey;
 Where Justice lodges let wild asses bray;
 Let cormorants in churches make their nest,
 And on the sails of commerce bitterns rest; 290
 Be all, tho' princes in the earth before,
 Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more;
 Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
 Give me to chuse, see Gotham's ruin'd state
 By ills on ills, thus to the earth weigh'd down, 295
 Than live to see a Stewart wear a crown.

Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all Nature's host;
 Those servants who their Maker know, who boast
 Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,
 Unquestion'd, their great Master's sacred will; 300
 Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,
 And with destruction big o'er Gotham sweep;
 Let rains rush down, till Faith, with doubtful eye,
 Looks for the sign of mercy in the sky;
 Let Pestilence in all her horrors rise; 305
 Where'er I turn, let Famine blast my eyes;
 Let the earth yawn, and, ere they've time to think,
 In the deep gulf let all my subjects sink
 Before my eyes, whilst on the verge I reel;
 Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel, 310
 Not for myself, but them, I'll kiss the rod,
 And, having own'd the justice of my God,
 Myself with firmness to the ruin give,
 And die with those for whom I wish to live. 314

This, (but may Heav'n's more merciful decrees
 Ne'er tempt his servant with such ills as these)
 This, or my soul deceives me, I could bear;
 But that the Stewart race my crown should wear,
 That crown where, highly cherish'd, Freedom shone
 Bright as the glories of the mid-day sun; 320

Born and bred slaves, that they, with proud misrule,
 Should make brave freeborn men, like boys at school,
 To the whip crouch and tremble—O, that thought!
 The lab'ring brain is ev'n to madness brought
 By the dread vision; at the mere surmise 325
 The thronging spirits, as in tumult, rise;
 My heart, as for a passage, loudly beats,
 And turn me where I will distraction meets.

O my brave Fellows! great in arts and arms,
 The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms 330
 To high achievements; can your spirits bend,
 Thro' base control, (ye never can descend
 So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
 Or let in Freedom's seat a Stewart reign?
 If Fame, who hath for ages, far and wide, 335
 Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,
 The tyranny and falsehood of those lords,
 Contents you not, search England's fair records;
 England! where first the breath of life I drew,
 Where next to Gotham my best love is due; 340
 There once they rul'd, tho' crush'd by William's
 They rul'd no more to curse that happy land. [hand,
 The first, who, from his native soil remov'd,
 Held England's sceptre a tame tyrant prov'd: 344
 Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which
 In souls of vulgar stamp to be a king: [spring
 Spirit he had not, tho' he laugh'd at laws,
 To play the bold face tyrant with applause;
 On practices most mean he rais'd his pride,
 And craft oft' gave what wisdom oft' deny'd. 350
 Ne'er could he feel how truly man is blest
 In blessing those around him; in his breast,
 Crowded with follies, honour found no room:
 Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,
 He was too proud without affronts to live, 354
 Too timorous to punish or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in course of time,
 By fair descent, been his without a crime,
 He bore a mother's exile; to secure
 A greater crown he basely could endure 369
 The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
 Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life:
 Nay, by fond Fear and fond Ambition led, [shed.
 Struck hands with those by whom her blood was
 Call'd up to pow'r, scarce warm on England's throne,
 He fill'd her court with beggars from his own: 366
 Turn where you would the eye with Scots was caught,
 Or English knaves, who would be Scotsmen thought.
 To vain expense unbounded loose he gave,
 The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave; 370
 On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd, [prais'd:
 And damn'd those senates rich, whom poor he
 From empire thrown, and deem'd to beg her bread,
 On foreign bounty whilst a daughter sed,
 He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on men 375
 Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.

Lies were his playthings, parliaments his sport;
 Book-worms and catamites engross'd the court:
 Vain of the scholar, like all Scotsmen since,
 The pedant scholar! he forget the prince; 380
 And having with some trifles stor'd his brain,
 Ne'er learn'd, or wish'd to learn, the arts to reign.
 Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
 Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the crowd;
 False friend, false son, false father, and false king,
 False wit, false statesmen, and false ev'ry thing: 386
 When he should act he idly chose to prate,
 And pamphlets wrote when he should save the state.

Religious, if religion holds in whim,
 To talk with all he let all talk with him; 390
 Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
 Not for religions' sake but argument;

More vain if some Ay, artful, High-Dutch slave,
Or, from the Jesuit school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace restor'd 395
By his full soldiery, worlds hail'd him Lord.

Pow'r was his wish, unbounded as his will,
The pow'r, without control, of doing ill;
But what he wish'd, what he made bishops preach,
And statesmen warrant, hung within his reach, 400
He dar'd not seize: fear gave, to gall his pride,
That freedom to the realm his will deny'd.

Of treatise fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry treaty of his own mean arts
He sell the dupe: peace was his coward care, 405
Ev'n at a time when justice call'd for war:
His pen he'd draw to prove his lack of wit,
But rather than unsheath the sword submit.
Truth fairly must record; and, pleas'd to live
In league with mercy, justice may forgive 410
Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain,
But never can forgive a Raleigh slain.

At length, (with white let Freedom mark that year)
Nor fear'd by those whom most he wish'd to fear,
Not lov'd by those whom most he wish'd to love,
He went to answer for his faults above, 416
To answer to that God from whom alone
He claim'd to hold and to abuse the throne,
Leaving behind, a curse to all his line,
The bloody legacy of Right Divine. 420

With many virtues which a radiance fling
Round private men, with few which grace a king,
And speak the monarch, at the time of life
When passion holds with reason doubtful strife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean fire undone, 425
Who envy'd virtue even in a son.

His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the man up ere he lost the child;

His soul was eager for imperial sway
Ere he had learn'd the lesson to obey. 430
Surrounded by a fawning, flatt'ring throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and humour strong;
Wisdom was treated as a noisome weed,
And all his follies let to run to seed.

What ills from such beginnings needs must
spring?

What ills to such a land from such a king! 436
What could she hope! what had she not to fear!
Base Buckingham possess'd his youthful ear;
Strafford and Laud when mounted on the throne
Engross'd his love, and made him all their own;
Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow 441
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now;
Each strove t' undo him in his turn and hour,
The first with pleasure and the last with pow'r.

Thinking (vain thought, disgraceful to the
throne!)

That all mankind were made for kings alone, 446
That subjects were but slaves, and what was whim,
Or worse, in common men, was law in him;
Drunk with Prerogative, which Fate decreed
To guard good kings and tyrants to mislead; 450
Which in a fair proportion to deny
Allegiance dares not, which to hold too high
No good can wish, no coward king can dare,
And held too high no English subject bear;
Besieg'd by men of deep and subtle arts, 455
Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who saw his weakness made their king their tool,
Then most a slave when most he seem'd to rule:
Taking all public steps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by fav'rites, whom he called friends, 460
He had not strength enough of soul to find
That monarchs, meant as blessings to mankind,

Sink their great state, and stamp their fame undone,
When what was meant for all they give to one.

Lift'ning uxorious whilst a woman's prate 465

Modell'd the church and parcell'd out the state,

Whilst (in the state not more than women read)

High-churchmen preach'd and turn'd his pious
head.

Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes,

Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries; 470

Made to believe (what can't a fav'rite do)

He heard a nation hearing one or two;

Taught by state-quacks himself secure to think,

And out of danger ev'n on danger's brink;

Whilst pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,

Whilst murmurs ran thro' an insulted land, 476

As if to sanction tyrants Heav'n was bound,

He proudly fought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious
years, 479

Did England, crush'd by pow'r, and aw'd by fears,

Whilst proud Oppression struck at Freedom's root,

Lament her senates lost, her Hampden mute:

Illegal taxes and oppressive loans,

In spite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans;

Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell, 485

And loyalty was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage shook the state,

New courts were rais'd to give new doctrines weight;

State-Inquisitions kept the realm in awe,

And curs'd Star-Chambers made or rul'd the law;

Juries were pack'd, and judges were unsoand; 491

Thro' the whole kingdom not one Pratt was found.

From the first moments of his giddy youth

He hated senates, for they told him truth:

At length against his will compell'd to treat, 425

Those whom he could not fight he strove to cheat.

With base dissembling ev'ry grievance heard,
And often giving often broke his word.
O! where shall helpless Truth for refuge fly,
If kings, who should protect her, dare to lie? 500
Those who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their country's good their monarch's
fame ;

Those who were anxious for his safety ; those
Who were induc'd by duty to oppose,
Their truth suspected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes and traitors to his throne, 506
Nor found his fatal error till the hour
Of saving him was gone and past; till pow'r
Had shifted hands, to blast his hapless reign,
Making their faith and his repentance vain. 510

Hence (be that curse confin'd to Gotham's foes)
War, dread to mention, Civil War, arose;
All acts of outrage and all acts of shame
Stalk'd forth at large, disguis'd with honour's
name :

Rebellion, raising high her bloody hand, 515
Spread universal havoc thro' the land;
With zeal for party, and with passion drunk,
In public rage all private love was sunk;
Friend against friend, brother 'gainst brother stood,
And the son's weapon drank the father's blood;
Nature, aghast, and fearful lest her reign 521
Should last no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.

Unhappy Stewart! harshly tho' that name
Grates on my ear, I should have dy'd with shame
To see my king before his subjects stand, 525
And at their bar hold up his royal hand;
At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
By their decrees to see that monarch bleed!
What tho' thy faults were many and were great?
What tho' they shock the basis of the state? 530

In royalty secure thy person stood,
And sacred was the fountain of thy blood.
Vile ministers, who dar'd abuse their trust, 533
Who dar'd seduce a king to be unjust, [strong,
Vengeance, with justice leagu'd, with pow'r made
Had nobly crush'd. "The king could do no wrong."

Yet grieve not, Charles! nor thy hard fortunes
blame;

They took thy life, but they secur'd thy fame.
Their greater crimes made thine like specks ap-
pear,

From which the sun in glory is not clear. 540

Hadst thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath
At Nature's call hadst thou laid down in death;
As in a sleep, thy name by Justice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.

Pity, the virtue of a gen'rous soul, 545
Sometimes the vice hath made thy mem'ry whole.
Misfortunes gave what virtue could not give,
And hade, the tyrant slain, the Martyr live.

Ye Princes of the earth! ye mighty few!
Who worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue;
Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,
Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate;
Who own no law, no reason, but your will,
And scorn restraint, tho' 'tis from doing ill;
Who of all passions groan beneath the worst, 555
Then only bless'd when they make others curst;
Think not for wrongs like these unscourg'd to live;
Long may ye sin, and long may Heav'n forgive;
But when ye least expect, in sorrow's day,
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay; 560
Nor think that vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone;
No; like some base distemper, which remains,
Transmitted from the tainted father's veins

In the son's blood, such broad and gen'ral crimes
 Shall call down vengeance ev'n to latest times,
 Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
 And make their portion bitterness and shame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam
 Whilst Usurpation lorded it at home, 570
 Of majesty unmindful, forc'd to fly,
 Not daring like a king, to reign or die,
 Recall'd to repossess his lawful throne
 More at his people's seeking than his own,
 Another Charles succeeded. In the school 575
 Of travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
 And, like pert pupils with dull tutors sent
 To shame their country on the Continent,
 From love of England by long absence wean'd,
 From ev'ry court he ev'ry folly glean'd, 580
 And was, so close do evil habits cling,
 Till crown'd a beggar, and when crown'd no
 king.

Those grand and gen'ral pow'rs which Heav'n
 design'd
 An instance of his mercy to mankind
 Were lost, in storms of Dissipation hurl'd, 585
 Nor would he give one hour to bless a world;
 Lighter than levity which strides the blast,
 And of the present fond, forgets the past,
 He chang'd and chang'd, but ev'ry hope to curse,
 Chang'd only from one folly to a worse: 590
 State he resign'd to those whom state could please;
 Careless of majesty, his wish was ease;
 Pleasure, and pleasure only, was his aim;
 Kings of less wit might hunt the bubble fame:
 Dignity thro' his reign was made a sport, 595
 Nor dar'd Decorum shew her face at court:
 Morality was held a standing jest,
 And faith a necessary fraud at best:

Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
Possess'd great talents, and abus'd them too : 609
Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
Whate'er was loose, indecent, and profane,
(So ripe was folly, folly to acquit)
Stood all absolv'd in that poor bawble, wit.

In gratitude, alas ! but little read, 608
He let his father's servants beg their bread,
His father's faithful servants and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.

Bad counsels he embrac'd thro' indolence,
Thro' love of ease, and not thro' want of sense ; 610
He saw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them so.

Women rul'd all, and ministers of state
Were for commands at toilettes forc'd to wait ;
Women who have as monarchs grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at second hand.

To make all other errors slight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd stand Dunkirk and Tangier ;
In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that time in vain
Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain.
Amboyna stands—Gods ! that a king should hold
In such high estimate vile paltry gold, 622
And of his duty be so careless found,

That when the blood of subjects from the ground
For vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,
And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by,
Give Holland peace, whilst English victims groan'd,
And butcher'd subjects wander'd unatton'd !

O ! dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all ! to him deep shame ! 630
Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
A vice is that which least becomes a king.

To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
Which thro' his reign he little understood

Or little heeded, with too narrow aim . . . 635
 He reassum'd a bigot brother's claim,
 And having made time-serving senates bow,
 Suddenly dy'd, that brother best knew how.

No matter how—he slept amongst the dead,
 And James his brother reigned in his stead : 640
 But such a reign—so glaring an offence
 In ev'ry step 'gainst freedom, law, and sense,
 'Gainst all the rights of Nature's gen'ral plan,
 'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,
 That the relation would mere fiction seem, 645
 The mock creation of a poet's dream;
 And the poor bard's would, in this sceptic age,
 Appear as false as their historian's page.

Ambitious folly seiz'd the seat of wit,
 Christians were forc'd by bigots to submit; 650
 Pride without sense, without religion zeal,
 Made daring inroads on the commonweal;
 Stern Persecution rais'd her iron rod,
 And call'd the pride of kings the pow'r of God;
 Conscience and fame were sacrific'd to Rome, 655
 And England wept at Freedom's sacred tomb.

Her laws despis'd, her constitution wrench'd
 From its due nat'ral frame, her rights retrench'd
 Beyond a coward's suff'rance, conscience forc'd,
 And healing justice from the crown divorc'd, 660
 Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
 Her patriot Bishops sentenc'd to the Tow'r,
 Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stewart name)
 Branded with arbitrary marks of shame,
 She wept—but wept not long; to arms she flew, 665
 At Honour's call th' avenging sword she drew,
 Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,
 And sent him in despair to beg his bread;
 Whilst she, (may ev'ry state in such distress
 Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success)

Whilst she, (may Gotham, should my abject mind
Chuse to enslave rather than free mankind,
Pursue her steps, tear the proud tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown)
Whilst she, (thro' ev'ry age in ev'ry land, 675
Written in gold let Revolution stand)
Whilst she, secur'd in liberty and law,
Found what she sought, a saviour in Nassau. 678

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